



THE EAGLE



GUTHRIE

GUTHRIE

Geoff
Phipps
Geoff

Trevor Phipps

will be chess

did to make a chess year

Brian
Zombach

Matthew Calver

Mark Phipps

Thomas R

Leanne

Graham Bosch

JAMES B.

David R.

Greg Phipps

S. Jones

Joe Fortnum



~~Handwritten scribbles and signatures~~

J. Borrie

Da
X

Edward M. ...

William ...

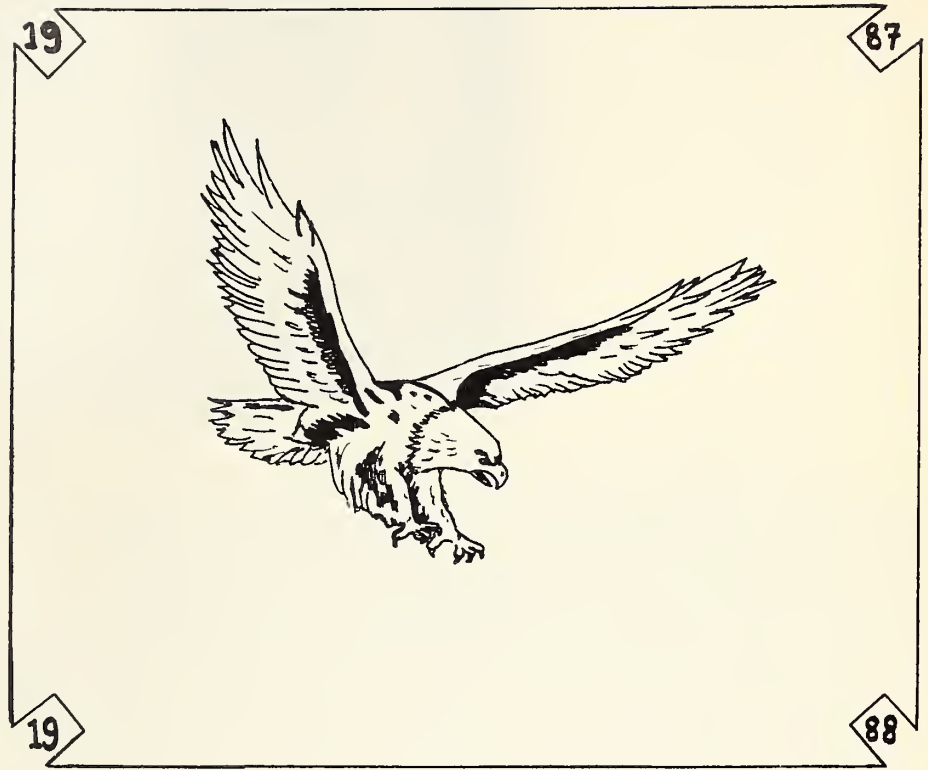
Yours a
real pal.

Nic

DAVID Horn ...

It's nice to have
you in class (when
you're here!)
Backman.

FLAG



ST. JOHN'S
KILMARNOCK
SCHOOL



After completing my first full year at the school, I finally feel that I now understand the scope and nature of the SJKS program. Portrayed within the covers of this book, readers will be able to see the astonishing breadth of experiences at the school. We have a fine academic program which is supported by trips to Ottawa and Niagara Falls, two week immersion weeks in Quebec, and Geography and choir trips to the United States. Clearly academics are not restricted to the classrooms at our school. In the arts, we continue to excel with fine Junior choirs at St. Margaret Hall and St. John's Hall while at the Senior School the Kilmarnock Singers continue to give outstanding performances. In athletics, we know we are not going to win all our games.

However, we did win CWOSSA championships in skiing and won the district golf and wrestling awards. Our girls field hockey team had an impressive 17 game season without a loss. In order to run such a busy, successful school, the faculty and students must work together. This, in my view, is the reason why we are able to achieve so much as a school. I congratulate the graduates for showing such fine leadership and hope that this yearbook will bring back fond memories for you.

Mr. David Hodgetts

Some of the words of our School Hymn, *Glorious Things of Thee are Spoken*, took on a new meaning at the sod-turning in May. As we sang, marching onto the property under dark skies stabbed by lightning, and in light drizzle, phrases such as "See, the streams of living waters" and "See the cloud and fire appear" didn't inspire great confidence. The Honourary Perrin Beatty's remarks later about water causing the new seed to grow were much more reassuring, and, I think, the more appropriate way to look at the weather.

We all stand on the verge of a tremendous opportunity. I feel especially fortunate as I had the chance in 1972 to be a part of a new School, and now have the opportunity to be a part of a new beginning. Not everyone gets two such chances in a lifetime.

We have accomplished alot in the last two years: site selection and purchase, rezoning, committee reports, sod-turning ceremony, choice of prime consultant and architects, and the start of fund-raising. All of this has taken an enormous amount of time, and energy and teamwork from board members, staff, parents, and students. The thing that has impressed me the most is the teamwork. Committed people have worked together, debated, disagreed, compromised and reached consensus on important issues. Our ability to keep focused on our goal has united us.

Much remains to be done in the next year: consultations, working diagrams, tendering, contrustion, fundraising and moving. All of this will take more time and effort and teamwork. All of which brings me to phrases from our School Hymn again: "On the Rock of ages founded" and "Well supply thy sons and daughters."

May I salute all who have given so much and encourage them to continue working together to complete the task: To stir into flame the gift of God.

Sincerely,
W.F. Langford.

One

Nine

Eight

Eight



JUNIORS

JUNIOR CAMPUS







Mrs. Scott



Lisa Bucher



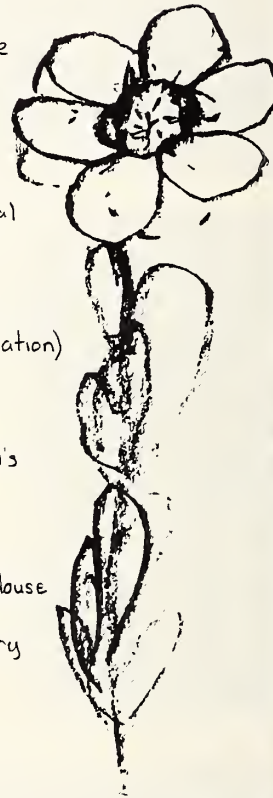
Tara Hewitt



Christina Thompson

Recipe for Grade 3/4 Girls A Great Year!

Take 13 girls
 A great day at Nadia's house
 Make' sure you mix thoroughly
 1 baby bunny and kitten
 But don't forget hammy
 2 great teachers, 1 neat principal
 Some great friends
 Add some herbs and spices
 Collect flowers (for decoration)
 A dinner at Mrs Scott's house
 2 swims in the gorge
 An awesome weekend at Rachel's
 Cottage
 A trip to Crawford Lake
 An excellent trip to Schneider House
 Mix until smooth, add one cherry
EAT UP!



Rachel St. Pierre



Sarah Shannon



Christy Schulte



Elise Cousineau



Kim Duggan



Jennifer Duley



Mandeep Sarkaria



Nadia Randall



Tracy Lavigne



Laura Hendy



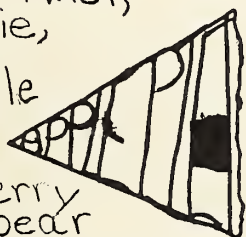
Rap it

Why don't you listen
To the rhythm?
If you like it
You can say it
With 'em.



Rhythm Rattle

Banana twist,
Apple pie,
Giraffe
Crocodile
Orange
clap
Strawberry
Brown bear
Pizza or pear



by Elise and Tara



Future
Builders



Yellow crocodile being juvenile
Wait just awhile and
Always wear a little smile.
by Christy and Rachel
What lives in lockers?
3 rotten oranges
1 good apple
rotten moldy cookies
2 baby bel cheeses
4 very old bananas
a gross looking pear
7 old lunch bags
wet socks
smelly shoes
lost mittens
homework.

by The Collectors

Socks

Thirty Dirty Socks
Red socks yellow socks
Making more dirty socks
Jen's socks, Lisa's socks
Your socks, my socks
Talk about a dirty sock

Twenty dirty socks
Green socks blue socks
Just some more dirty socks
Laura's socks, Christy's socks
Have you seen my socks?
Socks on the wall, socks on the floor
Dirty socks walking up my front door
Socks in your locker, socks in your bag
Finding a matching pair is such a drag

Ten dirty socks
Pink socks, orange socks
Really dirty smelly socks
Kimmy with her sticky sock
Why so many dirty socks?
Brown socks, black socks
Mrs. Scott with matching socks!

Rachel and Nadia



Hopping
Along!





Recipe for a Great Time
 Take 13 girls, 3 adults, 2 dogs and John
 Mix with lots of snow
 Take through the woods on a ski trail
 Spin down a toboggan run on inner tubes
 Trudge uphill again - and again
 Warm up in the hut and fill with lunch
 Add 3 huge snowpiles
 Dig out skating trails
 Stuff with lots of good food
 Wrap up in sleeping bags
 Let sleep until dawn
 Repeat twice
 Don't forget to add sugar
Variations
 Pull behind a tractor
 Squeeze into a snow fort
 Blow up balloons and decorate for Valentines
 Eat a wonderful cake
 Punch a pinyata.

Castles

Would you like to live in a castle? Who would you like to be? The Lady of the castle or the Baron of the castle? There were no radios, T.V.'s or lamps so it was dark. by Lisa

I think I would like to be the lady of the castle. I really like the dark so I think it would be fun. by Christina

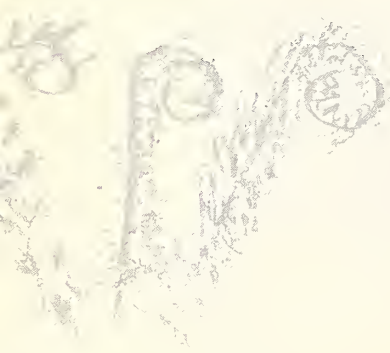


Down in The Gorge
 Swishing and splashing and getting all wet
 Down in the Gorge. The best place yet.
 Slip and splash we all jump in
 Come on everybody! Let's take a swim!
 There was a water strider. Such a big one
 Lisa screamed while we had fun
 Around the corner there was a waterfall
 We said 'Go'. Mrs. Scott said 'No'.
 Mosquitos Mosquitos Mosquitos galore
 That's our tale of down in the gorge.
 Jen. Duley, Tara Hewitt



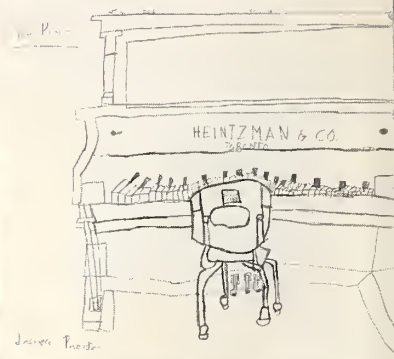
Nadia's Pond Christy, Tracy

First we got divided into groups. Then we went on our separate ways. It was cold and windy. As we went along we collected flowers and plants. We waded in the pond looking for creatures. Nearly everyone got a soaker. Then we had lunch - our packed one and watercress and freshly picked fiddleheads. Then the sun came out. We went back for more exploring. Five of us went swimming. Then we came back, got into dry clothes again and packed up. We ate an ice cream cone with chocolate sauce outside. Mr. Langford drove us back to school. What a day!



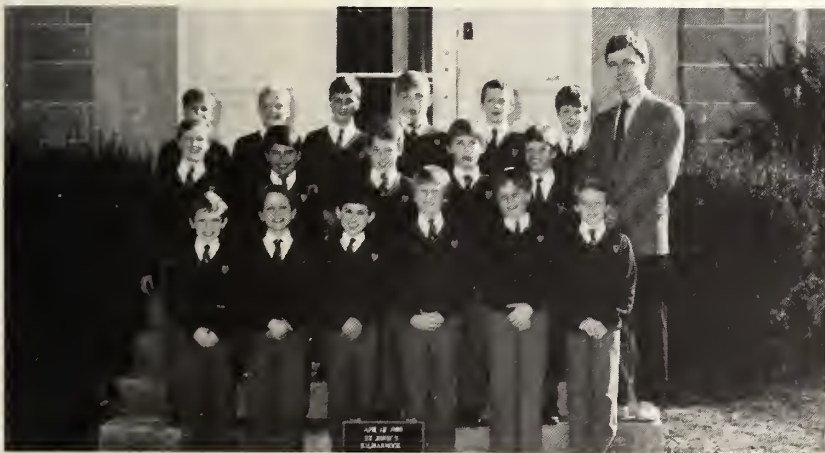
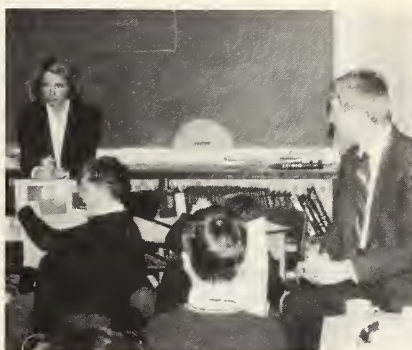
**THE GRADE 3 AND 4 BOYS
IN ACTION**





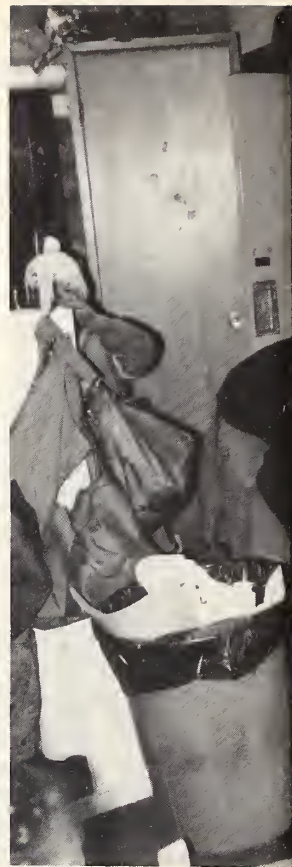
"ERIC"
by Nathaniel





Back Row, Left to Right: Pat Ayranto, Greg Phippen, Mark Phippen, Kevin Duffy, Joe Fortnum, Graham Bosch. Middle Row: William Mercer, Eric Porcellato, Brian Rombach, Thomas Rosendal, Nathaniel Pierce, Mr. Bastedo. Front Row: Isaac Scott, Trevor Proctor, Ashton Root, David Robinette, Beau Bishop, Geoff Phipps.

IT COULD BE ANY DAY . . .





**AT
S.J.K.**



Regan Blancke



Katie Dobbie

GRADE FIVE



Katherine Donald



Jennifer Fortnum



Victoria Johnson



Selina Liu



Theresa Liu



Alison Radtke



Meghla Ray



Alice Robinette



Jennifer Skidmore



Johanna Turnbull



Amanda Woodhouse

The Hallowe'en Party
Debbie Ukrainetz,
Amanda Woodhouse,
Alison Radtke and Alice
Robinette enjoy our
delicious Hallowe'en
'Make-your-own-pizza'
Lunch. Everyone else is
smiling in the
background.

GRADE 5 GAZETTE

NEWS, NEWS, NEWS . . .

A Report on the Hallowe'en Play

by Tori Johnson

It was November 3rd when the Grade 5 girls put on a successful play. The play was called, 'A Very Hysterical House'. All of the actors were great.

This play was about ghosts that lived in a house. A few days before Hallowe'en there was a wrecking crew that was going to knock down the house and put an expressway through and another group that wanted to turn the house into a museum. It all turned out like this: Both of the groups ran out because the ghosts scared them and no one ever came back to disturb that house.

The Grade 5 girls and Miss Hildebrand all helped decorating the room with sheets, towels and cobwebs on the furniture. We put on two plays, one for the Grade 3/4 class and one for the Grade 6 class.

The Grade 5/6 Girls Bowling Trip

by Terri Liu and Cathy Anderson

On Friday March 4, 1988, the grade 5/6 girls travelled on a bus to the Fergus Bowling Lanes. The owner had opened the bowling alley for our benefit. We were allowed one beverage and one piece of junk food. Some people bought five or six things! We were also allowed to buy something for recess later on.

People who were exceptionally good at bowling got strikes or spares. We had to keep score for ourselves, except for the check-ups of the mothers who came along. Strikes and spares were not usually welcome at the scoring table. Scorekeepers often became confused and needed the aid of a mother. Some of the mothers also played. It was fun watching them bowl. Everybody had lots of fun, including Miss Hildebrand, who is quite good at bowling.

When we came back only a few people ate lunch. Everybody enjoyed the trip and if we could do it again we would!

Oh Amanda, a day off school can't be that bad?!

AND MORE NEWS!

The Beginning of Peanut Butter's Life

by Alison Radtke and Alice Robinette

One cold Thursday afternoon, a woman named Miss Hildebrand came into the Kitchener Pet Store that I'd been living in for the last two months. To my surprise she came right over to my cage and looked me straight in the eye. She put her hand in my cage and lifted me out gently. She put me in her arms and she petted me. Then she put me back in my cage and I felt that she didn't want me.

She lifted up my cage and took me to the cash register! I waited for five minutes while she signed the bill.

"I want to get out of here!" I yelled but no one heard me.

Bump, bump, bump. I was in the back of Miss Hildebrand's car, was it bumpy! Then all of a sudden I heard someone talking and then it all went fuzzy. I heard Miss Hildebrand say, "Oh, what happened to my radio?" After that there were a lot more "Oh no's" but finally we reached her apartment.

She carried me in and gave me some food. Yum, yum. She sat my cage on the table and I went to sleep.

The next morning there was another bumpy ride. We arrived at a building and she started talking to me.

"Hey little hamster, this is the school you'll be living in. Come on," she said.

"Come on? For goodness sakes I'm in a cage!" I said to myself.

She carried me in and put me on a desk. Then I heard voices. This is what they were saying;

"Yo Alice!"

"Ya Alison, I see it. It's so cute."

Then everyone started crowding around me! I finally felt that my life was really beginning.



FIVE ALIVE



AND NOW FOR SOME FUN

by Linnie Liu and Kathy Donald

Figure out the clues and take the letter that they ask for.
Mix these 14 letters around to find the phrase.

1. Find out what state in the U.S.A. is called the Lone Star State. Use the fourth letter.
2. Find the French word for 'wine grower'. Use the ninth letter.
3. Find the country that Aguascalientes is in. Use the fourth letter.
4. Find the name of the country called 'Down Under'. Use the ninth letter.
5. Find the French word for 'leopard'. Use the first letter.
6. Find the French word for 'napkin'. Use the first letter and the ninth letter.
7. What kind of pudding do you eat with roast beef? Use the third letter and the fifth letter.
8. Find the French word for 'wafer'. Use the first letter and the fourth letter.
9. What country are the Porcupine Hills in? Use the first letter and the fifth letter.
10. Find out what state Montpelier is in. Use the first letter.

Find the Phrase



Sunset - by Alice Robinette

Going down the sea
Golden ring around the blue sky
Good-bye to the sun

Bluebells - by Alison Radtke

H They are brilliant blue
A Swaying in the gentle breeze
I What a pleasant sight.

K Mountains - by Linnie Liu

U Cliffs hanging over
Rocky ledges everywhere
Touching horizons

Rocks - by Jenni Fortnum

Rough, smooth, big, little
Ugly, pretty, slippery
Mossy, dirty rocks

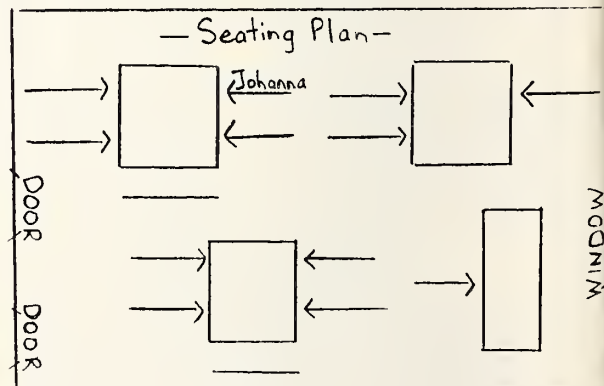
Clues for the Seating Plan Logic Puzzle

by Terri Liu

The Grade 5 girls have changed their seating plan. There are 13 people to fill in. Each arrow stands for one person.

Jenni F. sits to the left of Johanna. Miss Hildebrand sits by herself. Regan and Miss Hildebrand sit back to back. Kat sits across from Jenni F.. Kat doesn't like it when Linnie peeks at her work and she has to cover her work with her left hand. Amanda sits to the right of Regan. The two left-handed people sit at the end of two of the tables. Their initials are T.L. and A.R. Alice Robinette is not left-handed.

Katie sits across from Regan. Alice enjoys opening and closing one of the doors even though she is not the closest to the door. Meghla likes facing the window. Tori sometimes bumps Johanna when she moves her chair back. Jennifer always has her back near a window.



GRADE FIVE



Tim Buchanan



George Cobham



Joey Cunningham



Patrick Dean



Kevin Graham



Michael Heeley



Michael Holloway



Yakub Hyzyk



Jon James



Rajiv Kaushik



Peter Mansson



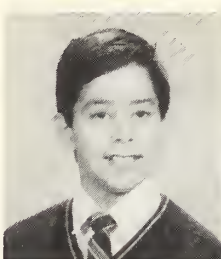
Edward Mercer



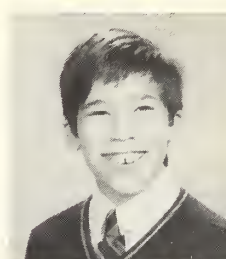
Michael Noonan



Craig Pitman



Graham Singh



Alex Short



Brooke Thiessen

FORESTS by Jakub Hyzyk

Inside the forest people see
the robin, the deer and the rabbit
So why with all these gentle creatures
are we cutting down all the trees?
To make new land to make our homes
it's such a shame that we
refuse to live without destroying the
forests.

Pollution by Jakub Hyzyk

"Why mommy?" asks a small
child, "are there no little animals any
more?"

"They have all moved away."

If only we could see the world
through the eyes of a child. A huge,
beautiful place full of brilliant colours,
a place to make friends and play with
animals.

So why do we pollute and cause acid
rain?

We are killing nature for our comfort.
Is it worth it?



Budding Scientist

THE BLACK STALLION by Walter Farley

The main characters are Alec Ramsay and The Black Stallion who is a very wild Arabian horse. The story takes place on an island off the coast of Portugal and in the State of New York in the 1930's. The problem is that Alec and the Black Stallion get shipwrecked on an island off the coast of Portugal. There Alec helps get the Stallion free from the halter and the Stallion kills a rattlesnake that tries to bite Alec. Alec makes friends with the Black and learns to ride him. Then a ship comes and rescues them both and takes them back to America.

Back at home, Alec meets his old friend Henry Dailey, (a historic jockey and trainer). He helps Alec to train the Black and teach him to race. Alec rides the Black in a race at Belmont against Cyclone and Sun Raider, two famous racehorses. Alec and the Black win the race and break a world record.

by Edward Mercer
June 14, 1988



Lunch Time

The Gorge Run!

The Gorge Run was about to start. I was standing on the line and when the whistle blew, everybody started.

Finally the message got to my head. I started to run as well. I wasn't that far from being the last person. When I got into the woods, my pace picked up. I moved from almost last to about the middle of the group. I got to the spot where the swamp is and I stopped running and walked across the bridge over the swamp. Since I walked across the bridge I ran up the hill to the left of the swamp. That brought me back up to the middle position. When I started down the hill I picked up some speed. I went around the corner and tried to keep a steady pace. I went around the circle and I was back to where I was at the end of the hill. I kept the same pace going up the steep hill as I had kept on the even ground. After I was up the hill I went down another. I was back at the swamp and started walking across the bridge. I was running harder than ever because I was near the end of the run. It was exciting. I passed some people who used to be well ahead of me. I was past the finish line. I didn't come in first but I wasn't near the end either.

by Michael
Holloway



Thoughts

If the 13th and 14th of June were to arrive in 1989 with the identical climatic conditions as this year, they would be the dates selected for our next Rockwood Trip. The skies were sunny, the temperatures were in the 30's and a gentle breeze reduced the six legged animals to manageable populations.

The Rockwood Park overnight trip is always a topic of conversation in the grade 4 and 5 classrooms during the month of June, but this year the grade 3's were also able to participate. Would the younger lads be able to enjoy the rigors of campfire and the host of problems that being away from home can bring? Of course they could.

The swimming hole was the focal point of our activities this year but there were other items on the agenda if one tired of the water. Fishing for trout and catching Rock bass quickly reduced our night crawler numbers, even though none of our catch made it to the frying pan. An afternoon wander to the potholes and caves gave budding geologists a chance to test their knowledge and spelunkers an opportunity to weaken their flashlight batteries.

Rockwood. A wonderful way to bring a good year to a close!

Rockwood File



Recess



Friends

EN FRANÇAIS, S'IL-VOUS-PLAIT . . .



Malade ou Ivre?

L'Incendie

Il y a un incendie dans le restaurant "Chez Marie Evans." M. Law regarde l'incendie et il téléphone à la caserne de pompiers. Sa fille dit, "Regarde! Où sont les pompiers?" Quelques minutes plus tard, un camion rouge arrive à "Chez Marie Evans". Une passante avec un vélo crie, "Un incendie! Mon Dieu!" Les pompiers crient aux enfants, "Ne touchez pas la flammes! Ils brûlent!" "Vous êtes courageux," dit Marie. "Mon restaurant!" "Et vous portez des uniformes!" crie Sylvie. "Et les casques!" dit Jenny. Il y a beaucoup de fumée. Avec des lances, les pompiers arrosent les flammes. L'eau arrête l'incendie, et maintenant les flammes ne sont par là.

Jessica Liu, Grade 6

Kame le Chameau!



J'ai le nez gelé!

Les Plongeurs

Les plongeurs sous-marin sont à la plage. Ils préparent à plonger. Ils portent une montre au poignet parce que c'est tard. Ils aiment nager. L'homme attache ses palmes. J'aime nager dans la mer en été parce que j'aime l'exercice. J'aime plonger, mais je n'aime pas nager sous l'eau parce que l'eau peut entrer mon nez!

Michael Seringhaus, Grade 6

1988	MOTS CACHÉS	PAR MARIE EVANS
WQNVG	ILLES	ZXLMLK
ELIWX	LDGTG	CYJRIB
THCPN	ADTPB	RNM CW
SPOWM	ARIES	ZWAHS
IJLST	NEUVTS	SEMET
EMEPD	DWMYU	GTDLP
RRPCER	PDPWK	JPBALJ
ENMBP	ESLLPKR	UIEIE
ILRUP	NTRER	BORWHE
PAPCI	RJOIO	ECSDHN
RLTGL	AUDEP	CTEOLLI
IOJVI	EGMSA	LBTSWL
DNWC	HGF	MAIFJIL
EDMW	PBOYU	HEKMPA
REBOV	ZCTOIR	ERBMMR
DANIE	ELOWL	TOMSKLF

1 Gilles	11 Claude
2 Yvette	12 Philippe
3 Marie	13 Michel
4 Cléo	14 André
5 Sophia	15 Nicole
6 Laure	16 Francine
7 Guy	17 Daniel
8 Victoire	18 Jean
9 Perre	19 Robert
10 Louise	20 Marc

Un Truc Drole

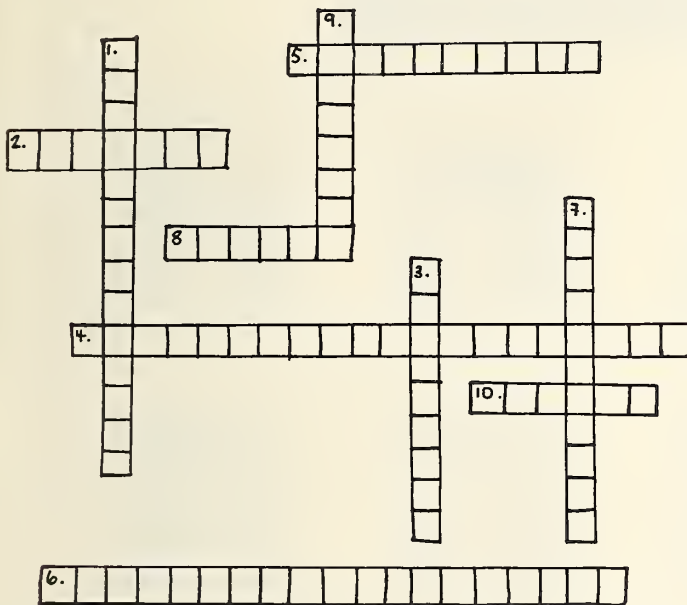
Il vous faut: un sac de plastique opaque où vous mettez un raisin sans peau, une éponge mouillée et une saucisse crue.

Mettez toutes les choses dans le sac et refermez le laissant un espace pour la main. Dites à la personne que c'est un oeil de géant, un cerveau de dragon et un doigt de sorcière!

David Houston (7)

Un garçon arrive à la maison. Il revient de chez le docteur. Son frere lui demande pourquoi il est déprime. "Le docteur m'a dit de prendre ces pilules pour le reste de ma vie." Son frere dit, "Pourquoi es-tu déprime?" "Parce que le docteur m'a donne seulement quatre pilules"

George Cobham (5)



1. Un dessert favorisait de pommes
2. Moyen, saignant, ou bien cuit
3. Il porte sa maison sur son dos
4. Un hors-d'oeuvre au fruits de mer
5. Un poisson fume
6. Une soupe chinoise
7. Doux couler goutte à goutte
8. Une tarte aux oeufs et au fromage
9. La salade des empereurs
10. Les oeufs de poisson

1. Tarte aux pommes 2. Bifteck 3. Escargots 4. Cocktail aux crevettes 5. Saumon fume 6. Soupe de chaud et aigre 7. Filet mignon 8. Quiche 9. Salade Cesar 10. Caviar

Darren Wong and Kevin Judge

Quel heure est-il quand un éléphant s'assoit sur la clôture?

C'est l'heure d'obtenir une nouvelle clôture!

James Walworth (7)

Quelle fête est-ce?

1. Un lapin donne des petits oeufs?
2. Les enfants disent "Truc ou Traite"?
3. Une fête de Chine en février?
4. Nous donnons des cartes avec des coeurs?
5. Nous fêtons notre pays?

Terri Liu (5)

Un jour typique à St. John's pour une fille de 8eme

1. Premièrement tu te leves et vas à la salle de bain et tu prends une douche.
2. Apres la douche, tu seches tes cheveux et tu le maquilles.
3. Puis tu mets ton uniforme.
4. Puis ta mere te fait monger un gros petit déjeuner et tu penses que tu vas être en retard pour l'autobus.
5. Tu arrives a l'arrêt de l'autobus, tu attends la pour 2 heures. Il pleut torrents et tes cheveux sont droits et trempes.
6. Quand l'autobus arrive finalement, tu trouves que l'autobus est tombé en panne. Tu es très fâchée et très fatiguée.
7. Quand tu rentres à l'école, Mme Speed te dit de laver ton visage parce-que ton mascara est tout partout sur ton visage.
8. Puis tu vas à tes classes et tu es en beaucoup de trouble parce-que tous tes devoirs son mouilles.
9. Apres tout ça tu dois marcher tous la route au français. En route tu es écrasée par un auto qui est pleine de drôles d'oiseaux!
10. Apres tout ça notre professeur de français nous dit que nous devons faire un article pour le bulletin.

Mon Dieu! Le jour est seulement à demi fini!

Karen Hambly, Sarah Donald (8)



GRADE SIX



Cathy Anderson



Stephanie Bailey



Jenny Cairns



Mary Evan



Kris Haberstroh



Krista Harrison



Sylvia Law



Nancy Lee



Alison Lewis



Jessica Liu



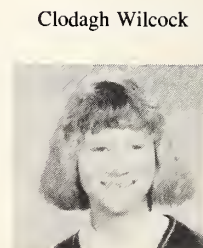
Rachelle Mares



Julie Munsch



Heather Skrinda



Clodagh Wilcock

MULTICULTURALISM



In November we were studying multiculturalism and what it had to do with us as Canadians. At the beginning of December we had a "Multicultural Lunch" which we had all looked forward to for weeks. Each girl had to bring something from their country or origin to share with everyone else. As a lot of us had a British background, we got our fair share in English pastries; shortbread, welshcakes, streudles and jam were on the menu. Veal, bread, and fish and chips were also part of the feast.

The meal was Potluck so we didn't know what the other girls were bringing. We ended up with ninety percent deserts and pastries, and about ten percent main course.

But it was fun trying new foods . . . until we had to clean up!

By Cathy and Jessica

Est-ce que tu veux une maison à Waterloo avec quatre salles de bain, six chambres, deux ordinateurs, et me l'oublie pas! un court de tennis vert, privé et blanc. Si tu dis "oui" j'ai une place pour toi

CHEZ LUI

En hiver le court de tennis gèle et tu peux patiner. Derrière la maison il y a une colline pour faire du toboggan. Pour le ski alpin, Chicopee est à 15 minutes en auto.

Au printemps il y a les belles fleurs dans le jardin; les jonquilles, les tulipes, les lis. Les oiseaux chantent. Il fait frais dehors et tu peux y jouer.

If fait chaud en été et tu peux jouer au tennis et faire un pique-nique. Mange les sandwiches, les fruits . . . c'est formidable!

En automne, joue! pas travaille! dans les feuilles parce que nous avons des jardiniers. Marche sur l'avenue . . . c'est fantastique!

Ce n'est pas cher pour rester à "Chez Lui!!!"

Deux jours	\$25 ⁰⁰
Une semaine	\$600 ⁰⁰
Un Mois	\$1800.00
Un Année	\$20000 ⁰⁰

Par Jessica Liu



Can she do it?

Christmas Creations!



Me! Why me?

My Home

Zoom! goes my rocket ship
up to some far off land.
Crash! goes my mom's best dish
a sinking ship to the sand!!!
Slap! goes my mother's hand.
Boy, my hind is really tanned.
Ouch! goes my baby sis
squeezing her 'tatoes hard.
Clash! goes my father's cup
down to the floor to land.
Slap! goes my mother's spoon
on the back of her hand!!!
And so goes another day of
Brush your teeth! and wash your face!
Blow your nose and clean up that place!
Boy home is a HECK-tic place!!

by Heather



Hmm!

Jump!



What Is It?

Sweet, sticky, sugary, popping, pink.

By Jenny

Buttery, bumpy, salty, crunchy, white.

By Krista

Moist, airy, fresh, silent, graceful.

By Sylvia

Bitter, sticky, minty, squishy, golden.

By Nancy

Sweet, solid, pleasant, crunchy, fruit.

By Julie

Sweet, sticky, cottony, soft, pink.

By Mary

Spring

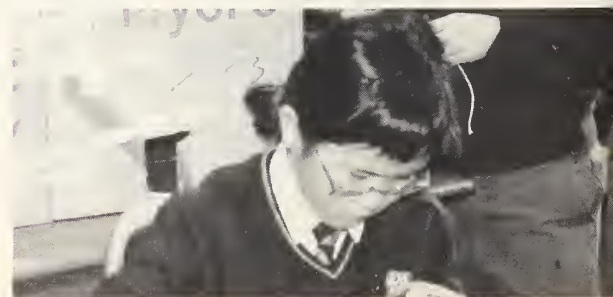
The wind rustles throughout the trees
With a sweet-smelling breeze,
The flowers grow and bloom
When on the lake, glides a loon.
Cartwheels, handstand and summersaults
Go the girls, without any faults,
Pretty soon summer will come,
But I will enjoy now that Spring
has begun.

By Julie



Another Math Test!

Model Houses



Glue, Lollipop, Cotton Candy ANSWERS: Bubblegum, Pop-corn, Cloud

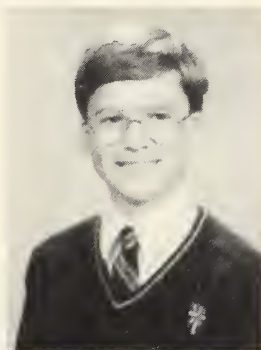
GRADE 6 BOYS



Steven Barnhart



Corey Bellehumeur



Greg Boa



Corey Hackett



Derek Holloway



Graeme Irwin



Jamie Lunney



Scott Nudyk



Michael Seringhaus



John Shipman



Greg Skafte



Michael Slavnick



Dan Walworth



Harmut Weiss



Andrew Wilcock

Chris Wilkinson

David Wycoco

Clifton Johnson - Absent





GARLIC BREAD

Garlic bread in the oven looks
Spherical,
Saffron,
It sizzles,
Softens.

by Steven Barnhart

MEMORIAL

The Vietnam Memorial
In the ground seems
Hallowed,
Honourable;
It hurts,
Haunts.

by Corey Hackett

CATS

Cats in your arms feel,
Soft,
Small;
They snuggle,
Settle.

by Derek Holloway

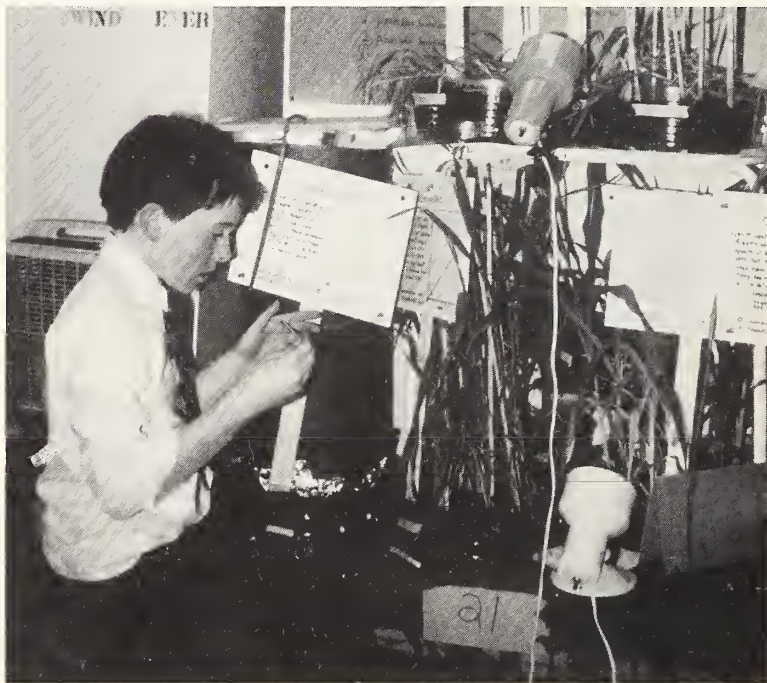
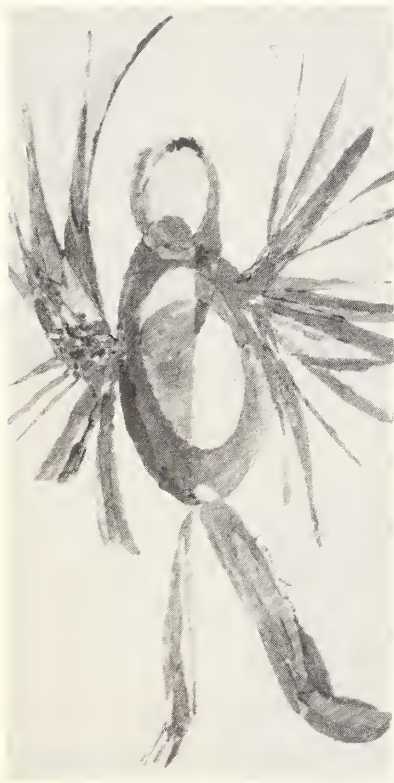
GRAVEYARDS

Tombs, grey,
Uneasy, steeple,
Desolate, gravestones,
Remembering people.

by Michael Seringhaus

WE WILL ALWAYS REMEMBER

Steven Barnhart for "Is this a test?!"
and "Ew, I don't like that."
Graeme Irwin as Creepy Crawly
Greg Skafte for his innovative graces.



HAWKS

Hawks,
Soaring, sailing,
Gliding, alert, wild,
Always ready to strike,
Hawks.

by David Wycoco

RUBBER TIRES

Rubber Tire,
Bouncy, black,
Round, hard, hollow,
Always full of air,
Rubber Tire.

by Greg Skaft

TEACHERS

Teachers,
Persistent, demanding,
mean, precise, intelligent,
Always on my case,
Teachers.

by Dan Walworth



THE GUYS AT LUNCH

SPORT SOCKS

Tales,
Tell,
Tirelessly

by Graeme Irwin

Sport Socks,
Salty, sweaty,
Soaking, tight, greyish-white,
Hard to take off,
Sport socks.

by Greg Boa

OLYMPIC GAMES

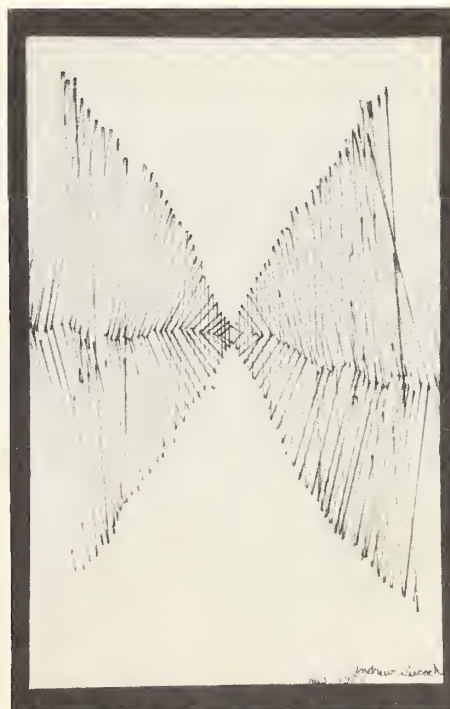
Crowds, cheering,
Athletes, bold,
Anthems, playing,
Metals, gold.

by Michael Slavnick

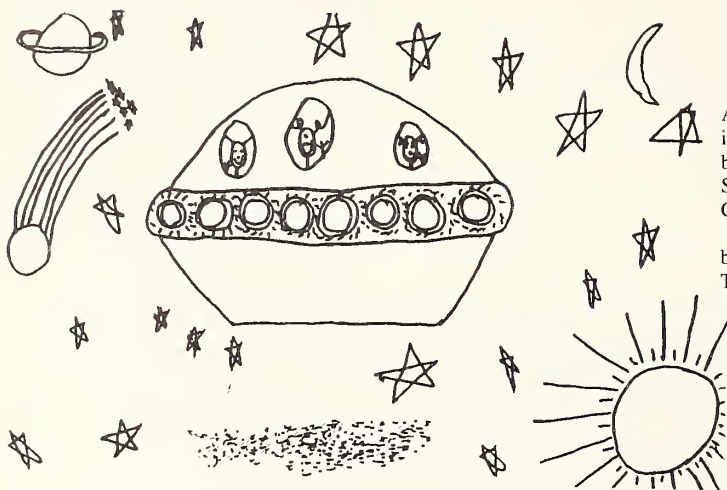
HAIR

Hair,
Droopy, tangly,
Twisty, bendy, clumsy,
In some cases inhabited,
Hair.

by Graeme Irwin

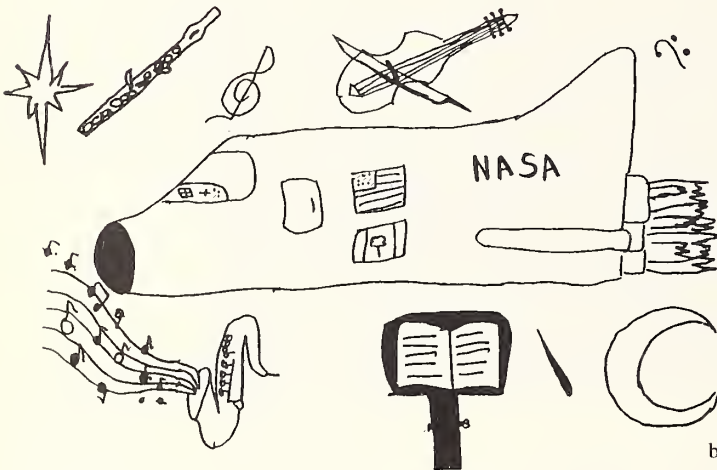


MUSIC AT S.J.K.



Artwork
inspired
by the
Symphony
Concert

by Johanna
Turnbull



by Heather Skrinda

The Symphony

On Thursday, February 25th, the junior school departed from Elora to go to the Centre in the Square in Kitchener to hear a concert performed by the Kitchener-Waterloo Symphony Orchestra. The programme planned was: Also Sprach Zarathustra by Richard Strauss; Leonore Overture No. 3 by Beethoven; Oboe Concerto in C Minor by Marcello; New World Symphony by Dvorak; Star Trek Theme by Goldsmith and Simeone; Canon by Pachelbel and The Planets (Mars) by Holst. The conductor was Boris Brott and the special guest speaker was the first Canadian Astronaut in space himself, Marc Garneau. We were disappointed when the orchestra did not perform Pachelbel's Canon, but we enjoyed the concert anyways.

We were shown a film about when Marc Garneau was out in space. There a few amusing parts like when Marc Garneau and the people who accompanied him went around the spaceship playing 'space-tag'. Or when a friend asked Marc to pass the bread and he threw it as well as he could and it floated over.

We enjoyed it immensely and we hope to return to the Centre in the Square next year for another performance.

By: Linnie Liu and Katherine Donald
Grade 5

CHAPEL CHOIR GIRLS

Warming up for Evensong



CHOIR TOUR '88

BOYS CHAPEL CHOIR

On Monday April 4, 1988 the Boys' Chapel Choir embarked on a week-long tour of the Washington-Philadelphia area. After bidding our parents a farewell, we all boarded the bus. One minute later the parents were on the bus bidding another farewell. We finally closed the door, with parents banging on it, having second thoughts about letting their dear sons go.

At 9:30 we pulled away from the school. Just before leaving, Niall Martin realized that his glasses needed some professional care. At 11:15 we were flagged down on the Q.E.W. just before the border by Niall's father, who had driven to Guelph, had repairs made and raced against time to catch up.

As if that weren't enough excitement, that afternoon we had a problem with one of the bus's back rims and then, a front rim which involved stopping for an hour each time. However, dinner at Eddie's Truck Stop Diner was great! Finally we rolled into Harrisburg, Pennsylvania's capital, at 10 p.m., two hours late.

4 nights of motels we were glad to meet our friendly American billets.

On Saturday we were given a tour of Bethlehem, which is very rich with the history and culture of the Moravians. As well, we visited Lehigh University. That night we enjoyed a barbeque and spirited soccer match versus the Cathedral Choir at the home of Mr. & Mrs. Hower.

On the final day the choristers sang a Eucharist at the Cathedral's Sunday service. After brunch we said good-bye and travelled flat-out to arrive home by 10:30 p.m..

We, the choir, would like to thank the mothers (Mrs. Cobham, Mrs. Cuthbertson, Mrs. Harrison and Mrs. Punnett) who accompanied us and helped us in many ways, including 7 a.m. wake-up calls; Canon Hulse for his understanding and interesting Sunday sermon, Mr. Fitches, as organist and supervisor, Mr. Langford for acting as trip banker all week and especially Mr. Edison for time, work, (temperament), and planning which made the trip an enjoyable, thought-provoking week. And oh yes! Thanks to Mr. Brubacher, our bus driver, for his tolerance of 29 adolescents and his considerable skills as a driver.

Niall Martin, Grade 8
Chorister



The next day we arrived in Washington D.C. and under Mr. Edison's expert direction toured the major sights of Washington's Mall, including the Aeronautics display of the Smithsonian Institute and the Washington Monument during the season's first heat wave. That night the boys stayed in the kitchenette suites of the Quality Inn in Washington (while the organist and choir director enjoyed the comforts of an average room!)

Next morning we stopped at Arlington Cemetery where the graves of war veterans and John F. Kennedy are located. We then looked at the Vietnam and Lincoln Memorials before heading for "Old St. Paul's Church" in Baltimore. We sang a Midday Eucharist before a short tour of Baltimore's harbourfront. Then it was on for 2 days in Philadelphia.

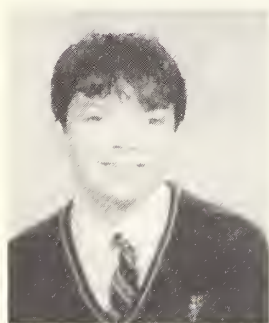
On a rainy morning we sang a concert at "Christ Church Philadelphia" celebrated Gary Ram's birthday at lunch and were taken on a tour of Historic Philadelphia by Reverend Gary Nicolosi, whose invitation to sing at the Cathedral in Bethlehem inspired the tour. The choir saw such sights as Carpenter's Hall and Independence Hall. After our afternoon History Lesson we visited "The Gallery" which is a THREE BLOCK shopping mall (Ladies, eat your hearts out!) for an hour before returning to our hotel.

Friday afternoon we arrived in Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, rehearsed and sang a concert for the congregation of Bethlehem Cathedral. After



THE GRADE SEVEN ELEVEN

ST. MARGARET'S HALL



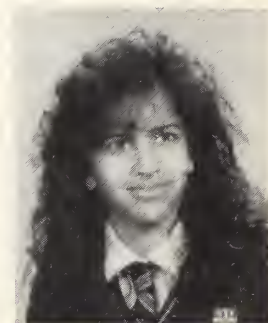
Dana Boomer



Rachel Buchanan-Smith



Kalinka Cadenas



Caroline Charles



Tracy Findlater



Tina Hua



Hannah James



Katie Scott



Rachael Scott



Rebecca Sharpe



Pamela Shore

Agricultural Museum At Milton - October 1st

On a sunny Thursday we headed off at nine a.m. on our adventure to the Agricultural Museum. We had a great time and learned a lot. When we got off the bus we separated into two groups. We saw and learned about all the tools of the old blacksmith and the way they worked. Some of us discovered how a calf was born. The tour guides also took us into the large museum and we learned about how the tractors were started and how horses are measured. We went to visit one of the old garages and saw some very old cars and learned interesting information about them. We all enjoyed it very much and hope everybody gets a wonderful chance to visit the museum.

Reported by Kalinka Cadenas & Rachel Buchanan-Smith



Indian Lunch - September 28th

Our class decided to have a meal of the three main crops which were grown by Indians. For this feast we divided into three committees. Committee One consisted of Tina, Pam and Rachael who made "Squash Soup" for an appetizer. For the main course Committee Two made "Refried Beans". The cooks were Katie, Dana, Rebecca and Rachael. For dessert Committee Three made "Corn Bread". Committee Three consisted of Hannah, Caroline and Kalinka. Some dishes were terrific and some were . . . but either way it was fun making the meal!

Reported by Tina Hua & Rachael Scott



Pam's Farm House - February 24th

Everybody ready? Well, here we go to Pam Shore's farm house. We all trooped onto the bus. Burrr! It's freezing. There were no seat belts on the bus but we don't need them . . . or maybe we do. Mrs. Speed is driving. We all cheered.

When we arrived we saw Pam at the drive with cute Barney, the dog. We took our skis off the bus. Oops! There goes Tina into the snow up to her thighs. Everyone was sure glad to get into the house beside a nice hot fire. We were in our snowsuits in no time. Mrs. Power led us down a deep path of snow and ice. We got to a field and went through an opening in a fence. Mrs. Speed found a long, steep hill. We went down a couple of times and made our way back to Pam's house. We had big hot dogs and hamburgers. Then we had free time and soon it was departure time.

Thank-you Mrs. Shore and Pam for a fun day!

Reported by Katie Scott



A Message from Kalinka Cadenas

I enjoyed being here a lot. The girls in my class were always friendly and helpful. Not only my classmates but also my teachers helped me quite a lot. Thanks to everyone for making this trip of mine a nice adventure. It was wonderful being here learning and having fun. I appreciate what you have done.

To Kalinka from all her friends

We have enjoyed having you with us at St. Margaret's Hall and wish you all the best in your future studies back home in Mexico.

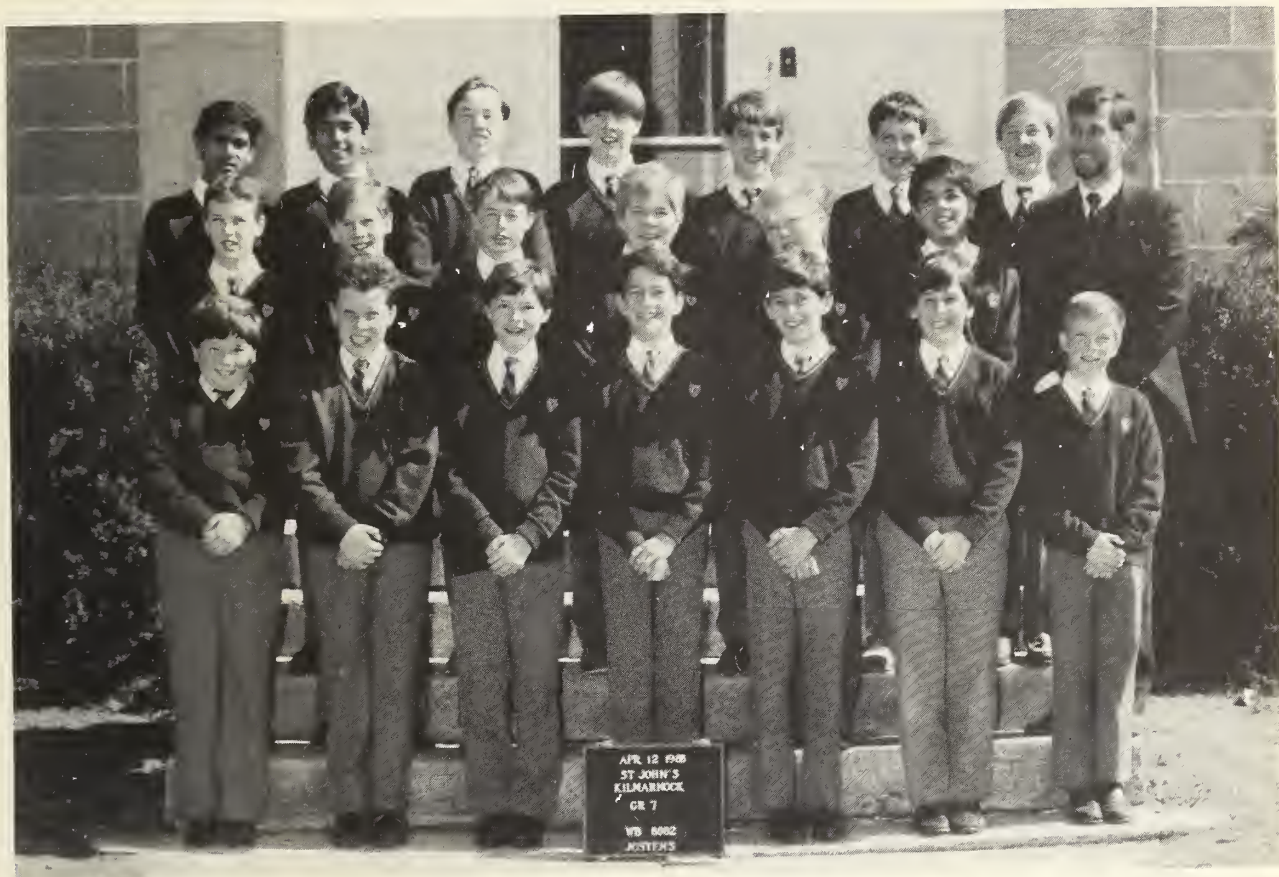


Ste. Marie Among the Hurons - June 13th

The bus ride was long to Ste. Marie Among the Hurons but when we got there we could see it was worth the ride. We went on a three hour tour and saw many interesting things such as a movie, we tasted interesting foods, saw carpenters making leather bracelets, canoe locks and Jesuit priests. Afterwards we went to the Kaushik's home in Guelph for a barbecue.

Reported by Hannah James, Pamela Shore & Caroline Charles

GRADE 7



May 21, 1988.

It was a day like all days,
but some of us were there:

Little Ben's Bar Mitzvah.

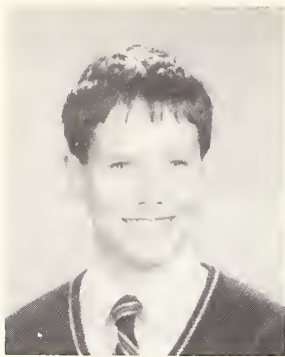


A poem in honour of Ben:

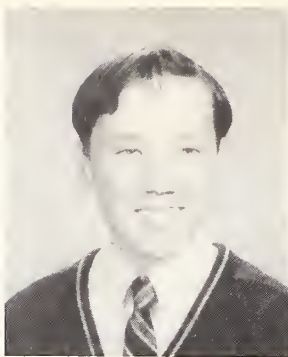
Ben from my desk looks,
weird,
wimpy;
He waddles,
worries.

by Ben's best friend -- sort-of --
M. Weston

GRADE 7



J. Borris



S. Campbell



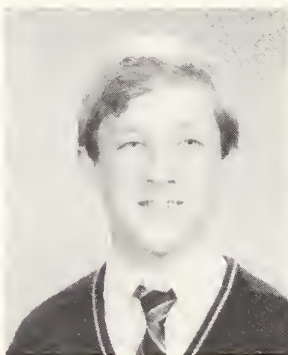
P. Cobham



M. Cressey



P. Elliott



B. Haase



M. Heldmann



P. Harrison



D. Houston



A. Kaushik



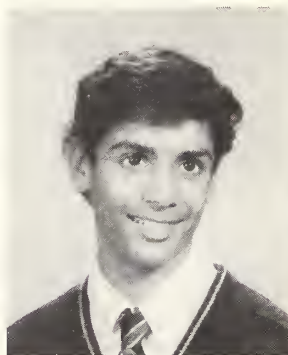
M. Kelleher



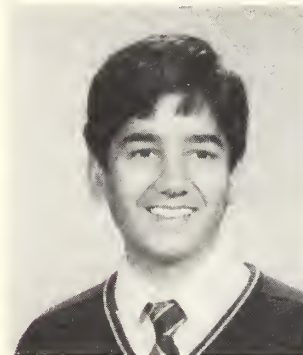
J. Muir



J. Noonan



G. Ram



G. Sarkaria



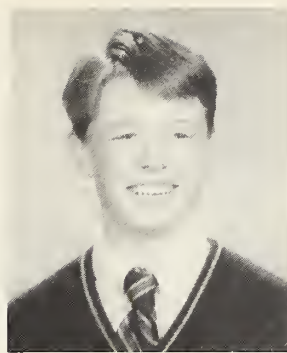
B. Tiplady



J. Walworth



M. Weston



E. Woerner



B. Yoskovitz

Previously unpublished masterpieces from the Grade Seven's childhood (Gr. 6/87)

Sun on crystal looks
glassy,
glacial;
it glitters,
gleams.

- J. Borris

Grandmothers.
Quiet, neat,
caring, old,
kind, happy,
Stories untold.

- M. Kelleher

Foxes,
stealthy, sly,
orange-white, furry, rabid,
quick on their feet,
foxes.

- J. Noonan

Apples,
red, smooth,
crunchy, juicy, shiney,
kept the doctor away,
apples.

- G. Sarkaria

Death.
Unfair, scary,
haunting, sad,
crying, piercing,
you're mad.

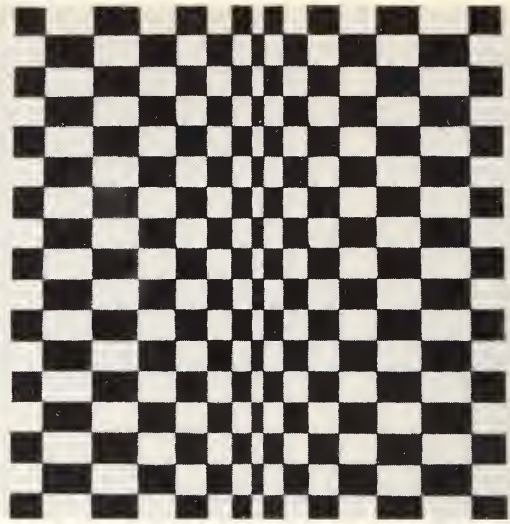
- B. Yoskovitz

Summer,
hot, humid,
sticky, sunny, green,
almost never cools down,
summer.

- J. Walworth

A guinea pig in a cage seems
silent,
scared;
it shivers,
shakes.

- P. Cobham



By Greg Boa



By Joseph Wycoco



U
i
s
u
a
l

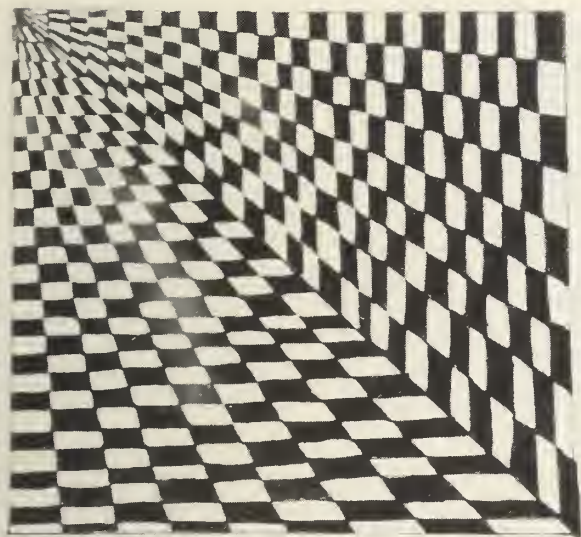
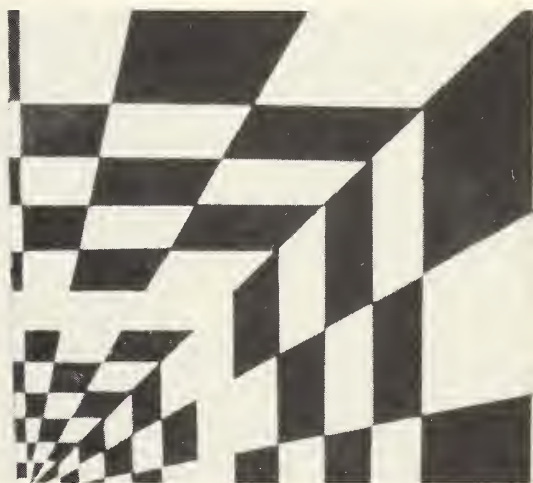




By Amanda Hodge



By Sarah Donald



By Michael Seringhaus

art



GRADE EIGHT - ST. MARGARET'S HALL



Chrissy Barnhart



Tara Barry



Shelley Bouwmeester



Mary Cochrane



Sarah Donald



Oonagh Fowlis



Karen Hambly



Mandy Hodge



Kathleen Litch



Marissa Liu



Sylvia Losereit



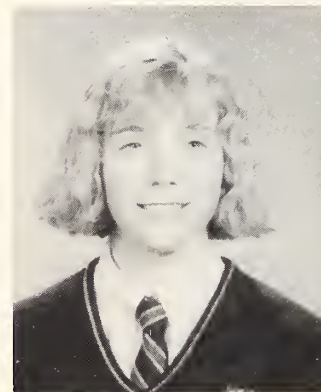
Alyson McKenzie



Kerri Morris



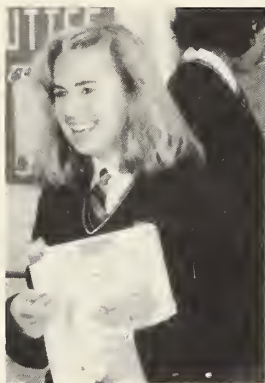
Niki Ram



Cassandra Randall



Laura Slavniek



GRADE 8 GIRLS - THE REAL THING



Tara - Ahhh . . .

Sylvia - Get a life!

Niki - Just brilliant.

Kerri- What'd I do now?

Kathleen - Nice going, genius.

Mary - Doesn't he sound gorgeous?

Shelley - May the Force be with you.

Sarah - I didn't get it, but it was funny anyway.

Karen - Sweet.

Oonagh - Nice try.

Cassy - Yo, chillout.

Laura - Shelley, my man.

Chrisy - You'll get over it.

Alyson - I am not Anne Shirley!

Mandy - Are you ready for the army?

Marissa - We're both stupid, except for me.



Mrs. Speed - Mabel, get off the table,
The ____'s ____.



Benji Cairns
Ben the Len
Golf Caddy



Jamie Kidston
Big JK
Priest



Joseph Wycoco
Browner
Mad Scientist



Chris Cuthbertson
Cuth
Toy Manufacturer

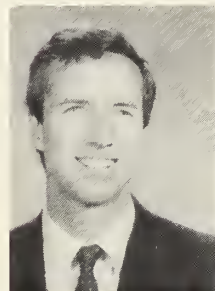


George Buckton
Fag-Boy
Fashion Designer



Paul Filsinger
IBM
Computer Programmer

No
Photo
Available



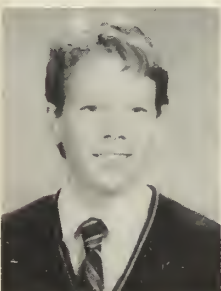
Mr. Curry
Monsieur Curry
Bellhop



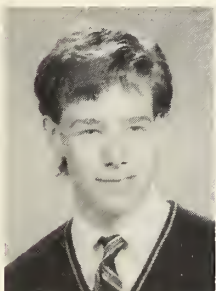
Chris Berner
Monsieur Berner
Stage Dummy



Steven Parker
Park Man
Drug Dealer



Kevin Judge
Quad
Librarian



Richard Wagner
The Rickster
Bank Robber



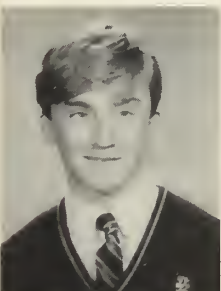
Niall Martin
Scotsman
Prime Minister



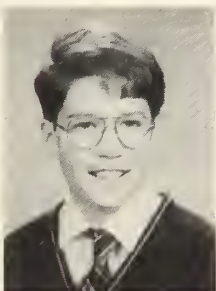
Sean Duffy
Sean-die
Cartoon Producer



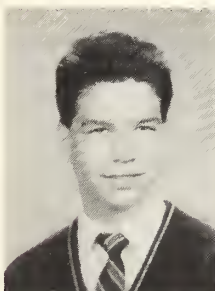
Lyle Heller
Shrimp
Munchkin



Steven Buchanan
Stud 1
Ski Bum



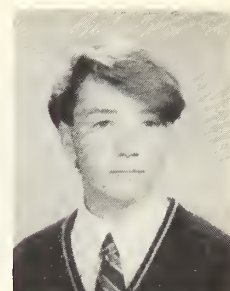
Mike Ferraro
Stud 2
Parker's Partner



Mike Vasiga
THRASHER
Airplane Hijacker



Darren Wong
Wonger Donger
President - IBM Corps



Tate Greenaway
Pode
Garbologist

THE GRADE EIGHT'S



Hell

Having to kill
needing a reason

Wanting for home
wishing for love

Unknown enemies
unknown allies

Killing at night
killing at day

Resting never
having no reason

Thousands dying
littering the land

Trying to survive
needing a reason

Planes above
dropping death

Shelter nowhere
wanting a reason

Waiting for help
waiting for death

Experiencing was
wishing for peace

Purposeless Death

By: Jamie Kidston

The Edge
He's on the Edge!
She's on the Edge!
They're on the Edge!
We're all on the Edge!
What's the world coming to?
By: Lyle Heller



The Skateboard

There was a skateboard in the store that I would like to ride on! Just think.
Skateboard here, skateboard there and even in the mall.
But one thing is for sure - I'd never fall!
It was lean with different shades of green . . .

By: Chris Cuthbertson

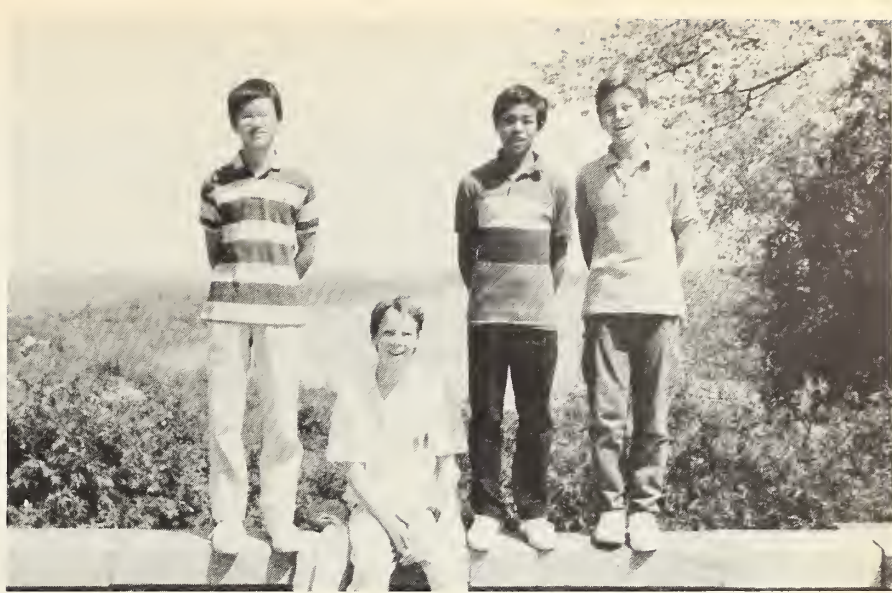
Here come the girls!



Death's Dark Shadows

. . . the sound of the skin penetrating bullet mixes with what
may be the human's last sound
a pain shoots, as the bullet, to the brain, slowing his
functions
he hears his heart, that has been beating with him
through the years rounding off, dying, like its master
looks back
he thinks for a split second about his life what he's
leaving behind,
he looks again and sees . . .
silence reigns

- Niall Martin



Niagara and Visitors



The Canon



The Jumper

He pushes off
 descends
 he slides
 toward the jump
 It rises
 like a mountain
 He angles
 upwards
 skims off the jump
 soars
 afloat
 flying
 like an eagle
 being carried
 on the wings of air
 slowly
 slowly the ground approaches
 his skis
 pointing upwards
 crash
 crash onto the cold icy snow
 he screeches
 screeches to a spraying stop
 and smiles

By: Paul Filsinger

STUDENT'S COUNCIL 1987-88

JUNIOR CAMPUS



Student's Council representatives

(L & R Back Row) Hannah James, Vice-President, Chrys Barnhart; Rachel Buchanan-Smith, Mary Evans; Mary Cochrane, President; Tate Greenaway, President, Pat Nowak, Chris Berner; Mrs. A. Power, Staff Advisor. (L to R Front Row) Jennifer Duley; Terri Liu; George Cobham; William Mercer; Paul Harrison, Vice-President.

The Student's Council Life

What has the Student's Council been up to this week, this month, this year? Well, the year is once again at a close and it has been a happy ending for the Student's Council. Raising enough money throughout the year, we presented a cheque for \$500 to the Building Fund for the new school on the Maryhill site, and we have paid for the care of our foster child through until the fall. We don't just have the Student's Council to thank but also the student body who participated eagerly in all our fund raising activities! The dress down days, including the wacky T-shirts, the dances for grades 7 and 8, the Halloween dance and the March dance, the raffle and all its terrific prizes, even Santa Claus came to visit! We hope next year's Student's Council is even more successful than we were. So thank-you students and Student's Council for a wonderful year!

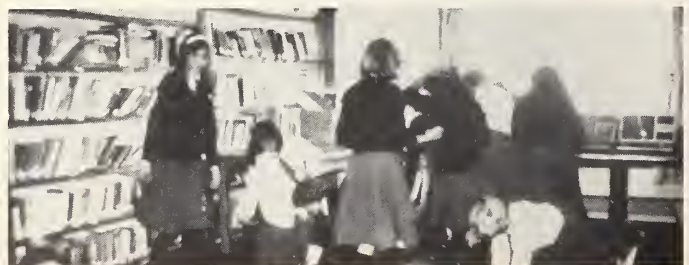
Reported by Mary Cochrane, President

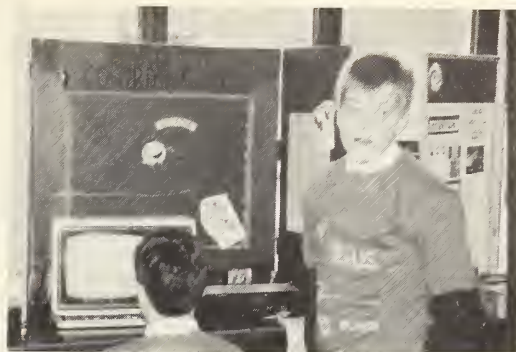


Student's Council Junior Grades

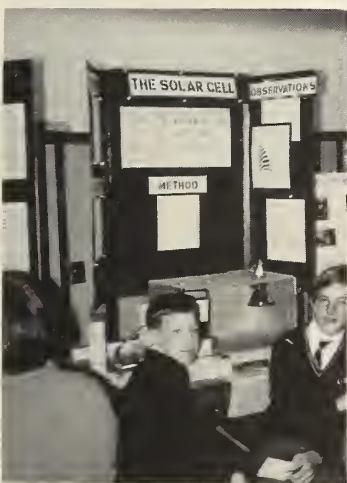
While the grades 7 and 8 were at their Halloween dance the grade 3, 4, 5 and 6 classes had Halloween parties. During the Valentine's dance the grades 3, 4 and 5 went swimming at the Elmira swimming pool. The grade 6's watched a movie.

Reported by
George Cobham, Gr. 5 Rep.





SCIENCE FAIR



STAFF . . .

WHO'S THE BOSS?



Mr. Walter Langford



Mrs. Laura Singleton

Mrs. Margaret Ross



Mr. Frank Bastedo



Canon Robert Hulse



Mrs. Susan Evans

Miss Carol Hildebrand





Mrs. Mary Perret, Mrs. Helene Yoskovitz



Mrs. Suzanne Schnarr



Mr. Robert Houston
Mrs. Nancy Scott - Singlehandedly
building our new school?

Is THIS the way to
behave at a staff
meeting, men?



Mr. Malcolm Rombach



Mr. Shane Curry



Olympic hopeful?
Mrs. Anne Power

Not pictured on
this page -

Mrs. Madeleine
Speed

Mr. Noel Edison

Mrs. Helen
Bastedo

UNDER 13 SOCCER



Under 13 Soccer Team

Kneeling, Left to Right: Sean Duffy, Mark Phippen, John Shipman, Graeme Irwin, Mark Heldman, Jon Muir, Thomas Elsaesser. **Standing, Left to Right:** Coach Curry, George Buckton (Captain), Gary Ram, Niall Martin, Kevin Judge, Chris Wilkinson, John Noonan, Coach Rombach, Brian Haas, Gagandeep Sarkaria.

If determination, tenacity, heart and spirit could be used in lieu of goals to determine a team's placement, S.J.K. would have taken the trophy home.

On October 7th, coaches Curry and Rombach travelled with 15 soccer players to Crescent School in Toronto. During the following three days, the boys would test their skills against teams from across the nation.

Playing facilities and a small parent base necessitated that 3 Toronto schools would share the hosting responsibilities. Crescent, St. Georges and Upper Canada College ironed out all of the difficulties that often arise in a situation such as this and put on one of the most successful and better organized tournaments to date.

When seven games are to be played over a short schedule; rest and relaxation should be a priority. This is a difficult concept to instill within the minds of active, grade 4-8 students and the results over the following few days were predictable.

As the number of games remaining decreased, it was evident that we were not to be in the "Championship" round on Saturday. However, we were not discouraged as the boys had played to the top of their skill level, with even a few hints of excellence.

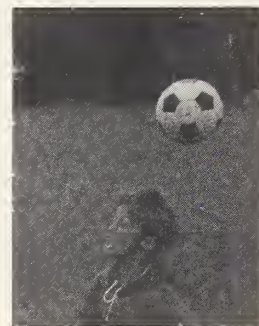
New friendships had been started, sights had been viewed and was it not, after all, just another learning experience? This learning experience will place St. John's-Kilmarnock on a higher podium in Montreal for the 1988 tournament.

Good form!



G
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G



OUCH!!

WINTER ACTIVITY DAY



MUSH! MUSH!



A little help from a friend.



What style! What teamwork!



Just pass it along.



GIRLS SOCCER

Back Row, Left to Right: Mary Cochrane, Sarah Donald, Mandy Hodge, Kerri Morris, Laura Slavniek, Alyson McKenzie, Coach Langford, Shelley Bouwmeester, Hannah James. **Middle Row, Left to Right:** Karen Hambly, Cassandra Randall, Caroline Charles, Rachael Scott, Kathleen Litch, Tracy Findlater. **Front Row, Left to Right:** Kalinka Cadenas, Pam Shore, Rebecca Sharp, Dana Boomer, Rachel Buchanan-Smith, Marissa Liu, Katie Scott. **Not Pictured:** Coach Power.

The girls played one home and one away game with Hillfield-Strathallan College of Hamilton. Both games were memorable and enjoyable events.

S.J.K. ACTIVITY DAY



GOOD FOOD



GOOD FRIENDS



AND THOSE CRAZY GAMES!

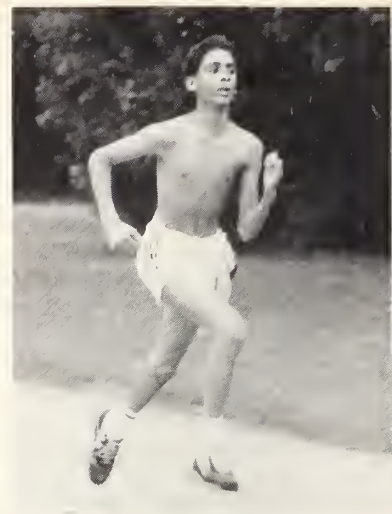


Special thanks to Mrs. Speed for taking most of the fantastic yearbook pictures!!





CROSS-COUNTRY RUN



GIRLS

THE WINNERS' CIRCLE

BOYS

JUNIOR

Jennifer Duley
Jessica Liu
Johanna Turnbull

INTERMEDIATE

Katie Scott
Julie Munsch
Nancy Lee

SENIOR

Nikki Ram
Oonagh Fowles
Alyson McKenzie

JUNIOR

Mark Phippen
Michael Heeley
Joe Fortnum

INTERMEDIATE

John Shipman
Jeff Boris
Craig Pitman

SENIOR

Brian Haase
Niall Martin
Joe Wycoco



Warming up for the big race.

The gun sounds . . .



Last minute instructions from the coach.

And they're off!





SJK FIELD DAY ELORA GORGE PARK



1988 TRACK STARS

GIRLS

Age 8-10
Jennifer Duley

Age 11-12
Kris Haberstroh

Age 13 and up
Shelley Bouwmeester
Rebecca Sharpe

BOYS

Age 8-10
Joe Fortnum

Age 11-12
Steve Barnhart

Age 13 and up
Tate Greenaway



P R I Z E D A Y '8 8

SCHOLARSHIPS

W.A. SMITH SCHOLARSHIP - to the girl who made the greatest contribution to the Chapel Choir
- CASSANDRA RANDALL

CARRUTHERS MEMORIAL SCHOLARSHIP - to the student who showed the greatest improvement in Chapel Choir
- SYLVIA LOSEREIT

BISHOP & MRS. L.W.B. BROUGHAL SCHOLARSHIP - to the boy who made the greatest contribution to the Chapel Choir
- JOSEPH WYCOCO and JOHN NOONAN

CANON WERDEN & HELEN STUMP MEMORIAL SCHOLARSHIP - to the student with the best standing in Religious Knowledge
- SARAH DONALD and KEVIN JUDGE

AWARDS

STACEY FERGUSON MEMORIAL READING AWARD - to the Junior Boy who above all others reads widely, independently and well
- MICHAEL SERINGHAUS

CHAPEL SACRISTANS - AMANDA HODGE and CHRIS BERNER

JUNIOR ATHLETIC AWARDS - KATHERINE DONALD and CHRIS WILKINSON

INTERMEDIATE ATHLETIC AWARDS - RACHAEL SCOTT and GEORGE BUCKTON

MOST IMPROVED ATHLETE AWARDS - MARY EVANS and KEVIN JUDGE

MARSLAND TROPHY - presented to the captain of the winning house at St. Margaret's Hall
TARA BARRY
SCHNEIDER HOUSE

ROBI MALL SPIRIT AWARD - to the boy who displayed the greatest enthusiasm for living and learning
JONATHON JAMES

ALUMNAE AWARD - to the girl making the greatest improvement during the year
LAURA SLAVNIEK

JEAN LITTLE AWARDS FOR CREATIVITY
- ALYSON MCKENZIE and DAVID WYCOCO

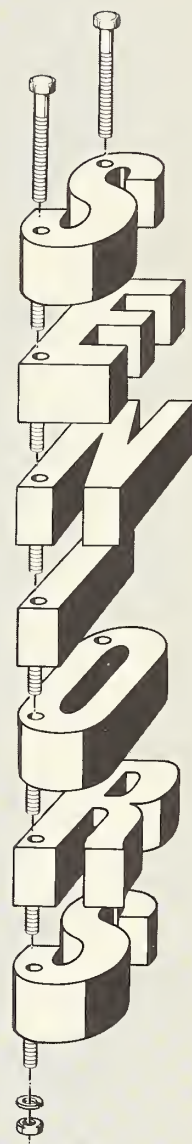
MUSIC AWARDS - to the girl and boy not in the Chapel Choir making the greatest contribution to their music program
JESSICA LIU and CATHY ANDERSON
JAMIE KIDSTON

ART AWARD - KRISTA HARRISON

FRENCH AWARDS - KRISTY SCHULTE
- SELINA LIU and THERESA LIU
- DEREK HOLLOWAY
- DAVID HOUSTON and PATRICK NOVAK
- SARAH DONALD
- LAURA HENDY and DAVID ROBINETTE
- KATHY DONALD and MICHAEL HOLLOWAY
- GREG BOA
- PAMELA SHORE
- SHELLEY BOUWMEESTER

QUEEN MARGARET OF SCOTLAND AWARD, WILLIAM PARKER AWARD
- to the boy and girl who made the greatest efforts to meet the challenges of their program
KATHLEEN LITCH and NIALL MARTIN

DIRECTOR'S AWARD - MARISSA LIU, SARAH and JOSEPH WYCOCO



KELLY ARNOLD

Famous Saying: I don't have a famous saying.

Ambitions: No idea, except going to University or college eventually.

Most Memorable Moment: 2:35 PM, my year at Centennial.

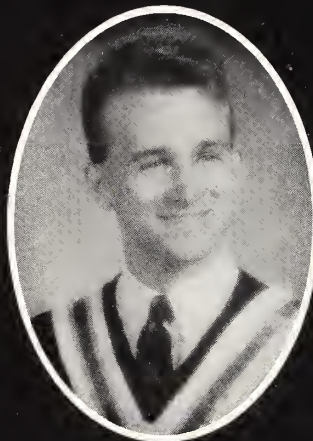
Achievements: coming late every day, for conserving my mental sanity taking a day off every week.

**TRACY (TRIXY) BAWDEN**

M.M.M: having my car filled to the roof with balloons., Dave Marshall's economics presentation.

Ach: surviving my one year at St. John's.

Amb: to travel, graduate with a BSCN, and hold a career as a nurse, to open my own wildlife center or animal shelter, to go to Washington (with my own food and water) and do some REAL shopping!

**JEFF BOWDEN**

F.S: Mary-Cecily-Angelina, will you marry me? But how does math apply to REAL life?

M.M.M: Cucumber sandwiches or was it shortbread and peanut butter?

Ach: Cross-country singing, the 800 m soliloquy Student Council debating.

Amb: to rid the world of capitalism: starvation and brand names, to combine algebra and english in order to find true happiness, freedom and the meaning of existence.

JOHN (MILLION DOLLAR MAN) BRATTMAN

F.S: If you don't do the job right, you don't get paid!, Virgil . . .

M.M.M: watching Animal House in economics, passing the head car in the SJK motorcade, getting thrown out of Rafter's by Bill and Shane, Hi-Five belching in math class.

Ach: the Baker's Dozen.

Amb: to abolish Mr. Hornsby and his jean-jacket rule.

**ZOE (BOBO) BRISTOWE**

F.S: Well then!, No, I didn't get my hair cut! What?!, Tom, got anymore gum?

M.M.M: eventually learning to count to ten by Gr. 13 teacher, Naga Oda., the times in the "Bristowe care pool" (Cathy), "The Great Canadian Weekend", the fire alarm.

Ach: by grade 13 I was actually taller than someone (Roadrunner!), grow my hair to the length to satisfy Jocelyn, to own my own hotel and cater to the stars.

PAM BETTY BRYDEN

F.S.: I can handle HIM!, Huh!?, I don't understand!

M.M.M.: giving Jocelyn the "ultimate" makeover. giving J.B. a 'hindu dot', getting a ride on Jeff's motorcycle.

Ach: being a member of a "Red Hot" team., drinking more of Captain's coffee than he did lasting five years at SJK with my socks around my ankles.

Amb: to never drive another Chrysler again, to have an affair with Tom Cruise, to become devatatingly RICH!



JANET CHAN

F.S: Really, oh my God!

M.M.M.: XXX

Ach: Skipping the stupid activities without being punished.

Amb: to graduate and leave high school forever! to be successful.



CATHERINE GLENICE BERTHA MARTHA BETHA MINERVA ANN CHOI:

"It's Been a Hard Day's Night" but I managed to think of something to say. My four years! at SJK said with much "Pride" have been a real "Thriller"; being friends with everyone (hi Pecker, Mickey Mouse, etc . .), every class - Algebra, Cap's Chem "Great Balls of Fire", being best friends with Pam, the two "Yakaty Yaks", or otherwise known as - well something unmentionable. SJK's famous trips: Dorset, what a "Bizarre Love Triangle", Washington, where everyone (almost) got a real "Shell Shock". The good and the bad times, but mostly the good, will stay "Close to Me". So lets "Bring on the Dancing Horses" and enjoy the rest of the year-book. Well, I'd better stop now because this is just "Overkill".

STEPHANE CRAAN

F.S: MF!, wass-up boye, Shut-up Finnie!

M.M.M: when Mr. Zink got me mad and I "boxed" him on the head with the t.v. set on May 25.

Ach: passing Calculus! (with the help of Miss A) managing to get into a good University, getting the Captain to actually pay me for playing baseball this year.

Amb: to have 15 or more kids and not be married to have more cars than kids!



ELAYNE DUBRICK

F.S: What!?, Thank God it's Friday!

M.M.M: climbing the mountain in the moors with bikes to get to that stupid Roman Road, going out to see birds on an island fours hours out in the Bay of Fundy during high seas and fog.

Ach: successfully docking activities, getting through the cycling trip in Europe in one piece.

Amb: to have it all: a husband, kids, and a Doctorate in Phychology.

ANN FINNIE

F.S: Don't!!

M.M.M: Kristen's "double cheese and pepperoni" pizza?, watching Johnny Pepler trying to win the "Stud of the Year Award".

Ach: winning a volleyball game, being Chris Robertson's favorite person, being a member of a "Red Hot" team.

Amb: to meet Kirsten at truck driving school.



ARIEL (BON JOVI) HARWOOD-JONES

F.S: yeah, well . . . anyways, C'mon guys!

M.M.M: meeting my boyfriend in grade 10, getting the chance to be in the director's seat for awhile and finding that it's not as hot as it's cracked up to be.

Ach: finally getting some constructive work done in my final year!, not having to attend one single activity period all year thanks to Mr. Hornsby and Mr. Chapman, being the last "veteran" of K.S. (the end of an era).

Amb: to have FUN for once, to sing all over the world, to finally know what's going on.



KIRSTEN HODGETTS

F.S: Our team is what? RED HOT!, Oh, my God!, Jog it!, Right on Naga, Take 'care' Mark.

M.M.M: Mr. Sommerville and his gatorade, having a "guy" on our girls field hockey team, Mrs. Couture's reason's for "suicides".

Ach: learning to successfully lose, but doing it gracefully, helping SJK become "RED HOT".

Amb: to coach a winning team, to keep on "trucking" with Ann Finnie.

LYNN (LEFTY, LAUDERDALE, LINNIUM) JOHANNESSON

F.S: Shut up!

M.M.M: freezing at the Jay's game, day 5's on Fridays, playing killer soccer in activities.



PETER (ARMPETE, REPETE, CRIP) KINGDON

F.S: Don't ask me, I'm completely lost. But why? That is straaange!

M.M.M: locking my car keys in the car at McD's with the car running., soccer in rain, snow, or hail at Junior school, mudfights and pillow-fights at St. Andrew's (marine biology), Algebra classes in general.

Ach: writing left-handed with my right hand, spending the equivalent of 115 full days on the school bus.

Amb: wealth, power, and fame, to name a few.

COLIN (FUDGE) LACKNER
 F.S: 1. C'mon ma'am It's Friday! 2. Hey Smit 3. Scrag!
 M.M.M: Friday Algebra classes, Day 5 on Friday, Burning at Raytheon (thanks to A.S.A.P.K.II)
 Amb: to have a Ferrari by age 25, to own Club Med.



CHRISTINE (TINEY-BOPPER, THE STRAWBERRY GIRL) LING
 Remember: first day, Dorset, making kites with Krissy, glow-in-the-dark hair, saying hello to the pavement, walking into lockers, D.C. (especially the rape!), Xerox, 1, 2 and 3, "nice technique", papering Tim Horton's, and . . . we've only just begun . . .



DAVE MARSHALL
 F.S: Trust me on this one. 2. Somehow I don't think so. 3. It's blowing 20 Knots! Hold my calls!
 M.M.M: Victory donuts in the Green Machine, Mr. Sommerville catching a wave in economics.
 Ach: Being sick on every windy afternoon this spring.
 Amb: to study advanced wave kinetics at the University of Hawaii.

BLAKE NEIBERT
 F.S: How ya doing? 2. I'm being misquoted!
 M.M.M: filling the school van with empty bottles, mooning the school van with John Brattman on the way back from Rafting, filling Mr. Woolfrey's front yard with construction signs.
 Ach: being a key member of the L.L. Club, having more spares than anybody else, failing every Finite math test or assignment from Christmas to June, renting "Animal House" for the boys to watch in economics.
 Amb: to hoard Big Macs in my freezer and run McD's out of business.



NAGA (NAGAHIDE) ODA
 F.S: I don't wanna go home.
 M.M.M: Washington trip, meeting K.S., J.R., C.C., C.L., L.J., T.B., Z.B., K.H., A.F., S.G., B.N., P.B.
 Ach: Field hockey, soccer, volleyball, learning English faster and better than any other exchange student.
 Amb: to come back to Canada, to own a candy apple red Corvette.

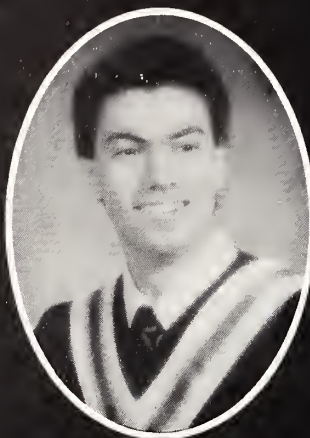
JOE (YOSIF, YUGO)
PANKARIKAN

F.S: My colourful metaphors may not be printed under current laws.

M.M.M: Signing the drop-out sheet for Algebra . . . and feeling GOOD about it ever since!

Ach: Receiving absolutely no van washes in four years, living through four years of English lectures and Geography films.

Amb: To seek a meaningful career in gynecology.



JOHN PEPPLER

F.S: 1. I need more Calgon!, 2. Oh, I'll do it! M.M.M: Baker's dozen, saying "Have a nice summer" to Ann Finnie, writing a book on parking-lot behavior.

Ach: Watching "Animal House" in economics, having 76 pens and not paying for any, watching John B. put street signs on Bill's yard.

Amb: To marry a 270 lb Guatamalan farm-girl, enter the Green Machine in the Indy 500, to meet and party with Ann Finnie's 26 year old boyfriend.



CHRIS (FROSTY, WOODY,
AMONG OTHER THINGS)
ROBERTSON

F.S: 1. Got any paper?, 2. Why me, Ma'am? What about trial by a jury of my peers?

M.M.M: Singing "Ain't Got Time To Die" for the Penn State Choir.

Ach: Proving 'men are superior to women' in an English class debate, graduating without a note-book.

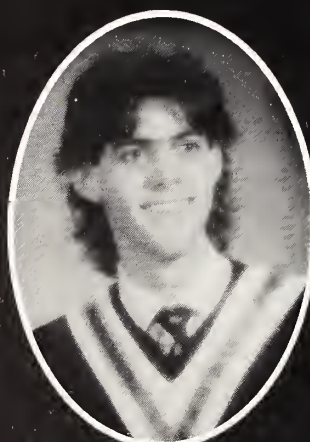
MIKE (GLOVES) ROBINSON

F.S: My car needs waxing, *** the no stick relationship!

M.M.M: The parties and the girls and Canada Wide Science Fair.

Ach: the guy most often told to get a hair cut and shave, went to school for four days all of April.

Amb: to be a jock, sail the perfect wave, ski 38 off, and live like a beach bum in California with the perfect wave baby!



STEVE SHERBAN

DUNCAN (CHEAPIE, VIRGIL, BLUEBEARD) SMART

F.S: 1. What? . . . How Much? . . . You've got to be kidding!?! 2. A penny saved is a penny earned. 3. Ancient Chinese secret, huh!

M.M.M: The Baker's Dozen, passing Mr. Zink at the front of the school motorcade, being cheap, Gr. 10 computer class, watching Animal House in economics.

Act: 9 years at SJK (that's one hell of an achievement!)

Amb: to be even more cheap.

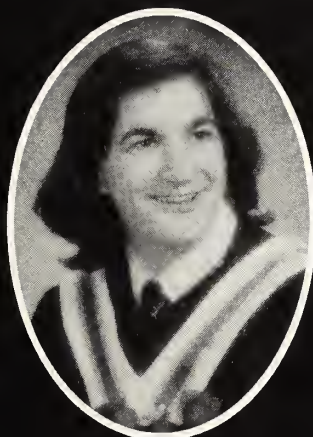


MARK SMITH

F.S: 1. Hey Dude!, 2. Hey Scrag!, 3. Questions 1-40, Miss Aylward, you're crazy!

M.M.M: Playing baseball with Captain, getting 82% on the final Calculus exam, getting suspended in Gr. 10 for moving Miss Kuntz's car. Ach: looking prettier than Madonna, successfully giving Miss Aylward a hard time in Algebra class with the help of Colin and Chris, putting off getting a haircut when told by Mr. Zink, not getting a single haircut through Gr. 13.

Amb: to be a rock star, to take over teaching in Algebra class, to be Chris Robertson's boss.



ALISON VICTORIA STEWART

F.S: 1. Look! My hair is growing!, 2. Why shoot someone tomorrow that you can shoot today. 3. Trust me!

M.M.M: Personally greeting the glass door and regretting it later, 2:34 P.M., experiencing new and exotic fragrances in Washington (where's my money?)

Ach: running 100 meters without resting, NOT killing Chris Robertson, gossiping in the play.

Amb: to rule the world, turn the U.S. into Canada, to be the first Prime Minister to wear a mini, to get out of high school.

BONNIE WONG

M.M.M: The St. John's Run - running in the snow and getting lost, Dissection of the ugliest cat I had ever seen.

Ach: Being first position in the Descarte Math Contest.

Amb: GREAT ambitions.



FIONA YUEN

F.S: Oh yeah? Really? Come on!

M.M.M: While getting changed, Mr. Thunder (lygelPen) suddenly came out of the equipment room, had my famous non-stop nose-bleeding during my first exam in SJK, staying up until five in the morning and getting 83% in the second Bio. test the long and challenging cat dissection project I'll never forget the smell!

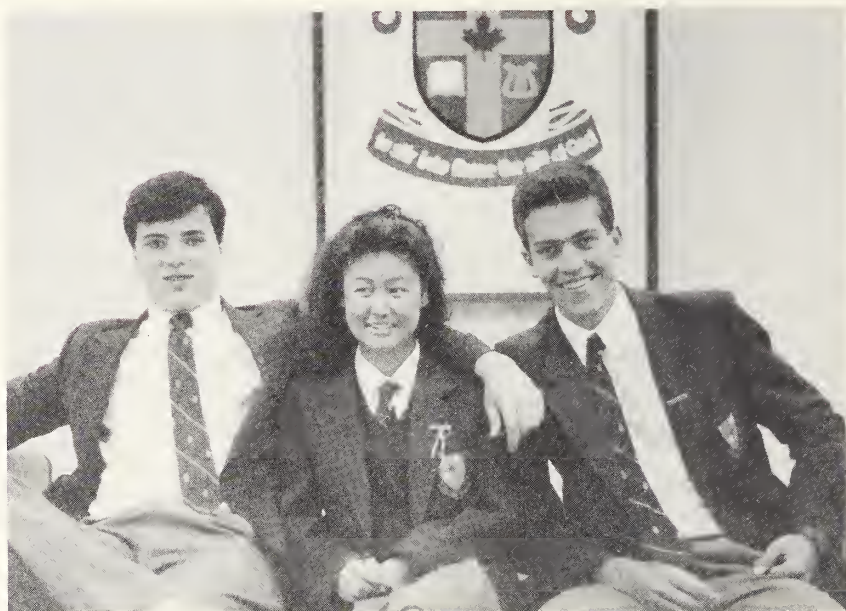
Ach: getting 79.899% in my average.

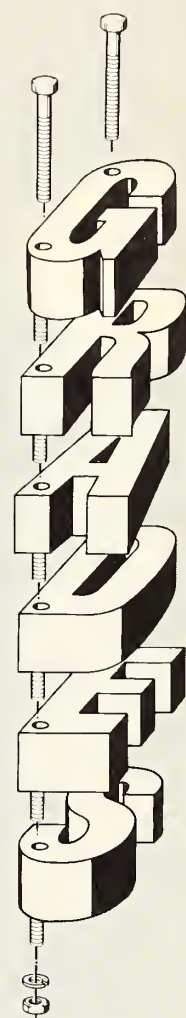
Amb: . . . nothing!

13C



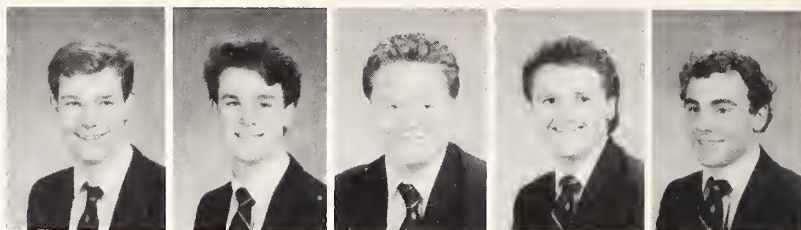
Thomas Schneider





12A

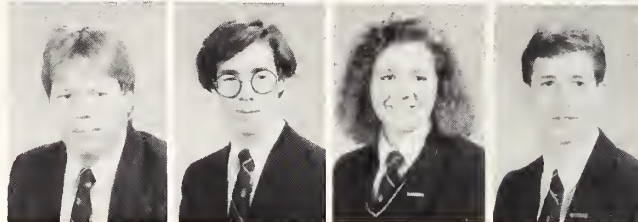
Scott Gardiner
Colin Gladwish
Daryl Haycock
John Holland
Stephen Keith

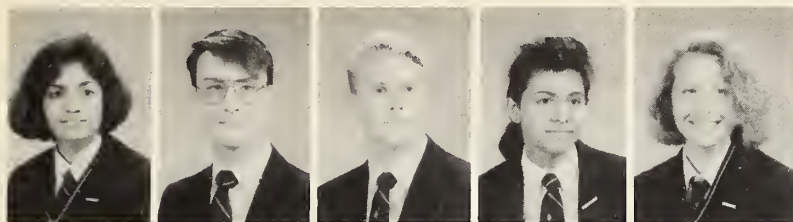


Chris Radtke
Daniel Raithby
Jeff Robertson
Jocelyn Rutherford
Keith Scheifele



Todd Shannon
Jon Starchuk
Krissy Stephenson
Colin Thur





Uzma Ashraf
Adam Checketts
Richard Donald
Hiba El-Ghazali
Dawn Flotten



Michael Geraci
Tina Hilgers
Greg Morris
Jason Pick
Till Segler

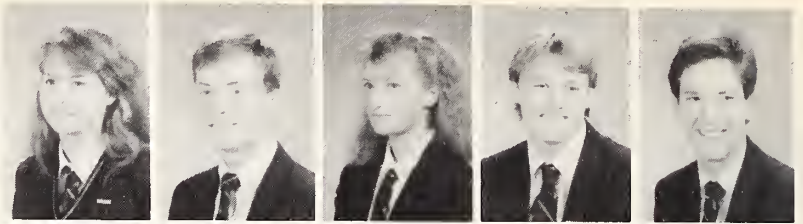


Andrew Stephenson
Stephen Van Esch
Greg Weston

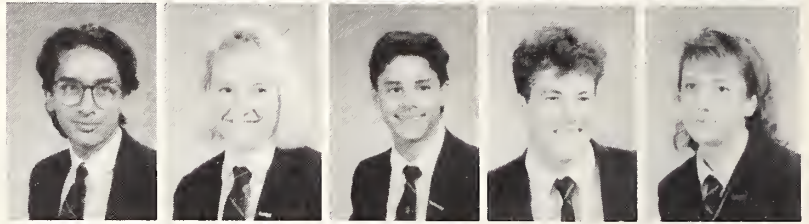


11B

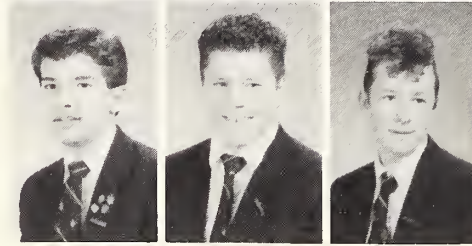
Adrienne Carter
Mark Dejmek
Freja Erb
Matthew Ford
Shane Hodgetts



Rohit Parekh
Alison Pepler
Mike Ramprashad
Chris Sharp
Christie Simard



Nick Tadross
Rob Veenstra
Paul White





Cheryl Barnhart
Lochlann Boyle
Chris Cairns
Wayne Charles
John Craig
Ryan Duffy



Susan Guelke
Stephen Heldmann
Heather Lehman
Vashesh Maharaj
Richard McGowan
David Mollison



Jared Sands
Leissa Smith
Simon Wilcock
Bev. Woods

10B

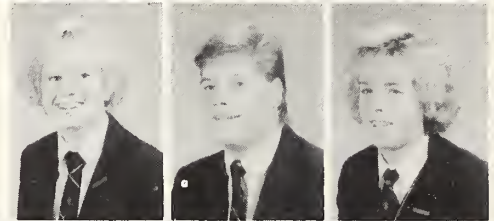
E. Abdulwanis
F. Al-Samarrai
Christine Brown
David Brown



Peter Cross
Rebecca Donald
Joel Dubrick
Sean Fairfield



K. Ghazali
Sarah Harrison
Brian Henrick
Katie Millman



David Piereder
John Scott
Susan Smith
Kevin Wilton





A. Charlebois
N. Chiasson
Robin Conrad
Eric Cunningham
Kurt Fairfield
Susan Haase



Kati Haberstroh
Brian Hambly
Jill Hodge
Tom Holland
George Kanellis
John Kelleher



Kari MacKenzie
Shelly Magee
Chloe Mathieu
Steph Matteson
Gavin McDonald
Mike Mellor



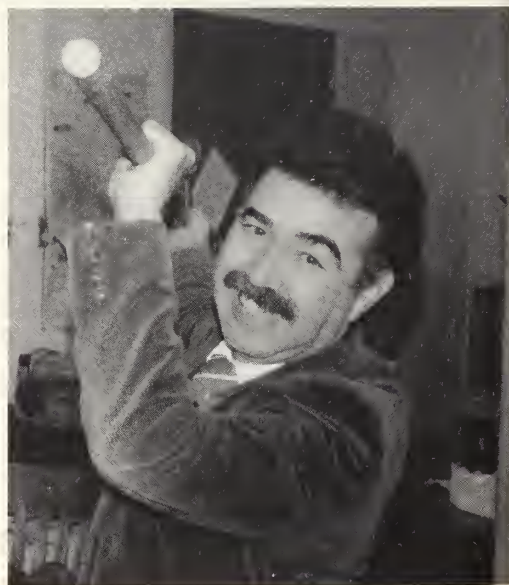
Andrew Roberts
K. Robertson
Peter Roschke
Claire Shrinka
Oliver Vanker

STAFF

Miss Aylward
Mrs. Blair
Mrs. Bruner
Mr. Chapman
Mr. Hornsby
Mr. Reidyl
Mr. Pengelly



Mr. Muir
Mrs. Ross
Mr. Sommerville
Mr. Thompson
Mr. Woolfrey
Mr. Zink





JR. BASKETBALL

Back Row: J. Kelleher, N. Chaisson, O. Vanker, P. Cross, R. Conrad, Mr. Woolfrey
Front Row: S. Fairfield, M. Mellor, J. Craig, D. Mollison, C. Cairns, S. Van Esch, F. Al-Samarrai



SR. BASKETBALL

B.R: J. Peppler, C. Radtke, M. Robinson, C. Robertson
F.R: D. Marshall, S. Craan, M. Dejmek, A. Stephenson



WRESTLING

B.R: R. Donald, Mr. Zink, C. Sharp, S. Gardiner, C. Gladwish, S. Hodgetts, S. Wilcock, J. Robertson, A. Checketts, B. Hambly, B. Woods
M.R: R. Veenstra, J. Pick, S. Keith, B. Neibert, R. McGowan, G. Morris
F.R: K. Fairfield, L. Boyle, S. Sherban, R. Donald





VOLLEYBALL

B.R: A. Peppler, K. Hodgetts, A. Finnie, N. Oda, Z. Bristow, Mrs. Couture
F.R: D. Flotten, J. Rutherford, C. Choi, K. Robertson, K. MacKenzie, S. Magee



CROSS-COUNTRY

B.R: J. Bowden, M. Dejmek, S. Wilcock, P. Kingdon, J. Dubrick, J. Scott
F.R: A. Roberts, H. Lehman, L. Smith, L. Boyle



SWIMMING

B.R: Mr. Pengelly, J. Pick, C. Lackner, J. Brattman, K. Scheifele, P. Kingdon, J. Dubrick, J. Scott
F.R: E. Dubrick, H. Lehman, L. Johannesson, S. Smith

DOWNHILL SKIING

B.R: C. Lackner, N. Tadross, R. Parekh, K. Arnold, J. Craig, G. Weston
M.R: J. Pick, M. Dejmek, C. Sharp, J. Pepler, D. Mollison, B. Hendrick, C. Cairns, Mr. Thompson
F.R: T. Hilgers, D. Flotten, S. Harrison, A. Pepler, C. Brown, F. Erb



CWOSSA SKI

B.R: N. Tadross, J. Craig, G. Weston, M. Dejmek, C. Lackner, C. Cairns
F.R: F. Erb, S. Harrison, Mr. Thompson, A. Pepler, C. Brown



OFFSA SKI

B.R: M. Dejmek, Mr. Thompson, J. Craig
F.R: C. Cairns, G. Weston, C. Lackner





SOCCER

B.R: P. White, J. Pick, J. Pankarikan, P. Kingdon, A. Stephenson, C. Sharp, C. Lackner, S. Keith, R. Veenstra, Mr. Sommerville, R. Duffy F.R: G. Weston, M. Ramprashad, M. Ford, B. Neibert, R. Donald



TENNIS

B.R: C. Cairns, J. Craig, D. Smart, Mrs. Couture F.R: B. Woods, A. Finnie, D. Marshall, K. MacKenzie, S. Haase



DEBATING

B.R: Mrs. Blair, F. Al-Samarrai, Mr. Woolfrey, G. McDonald, M. Mellor, P. Cross, N. Chaisson, L. Boyle, S. Heldmann, S. Fairfield, A. Stewart, A. Roberts, K. Fairfield F.R: C. Simard, C. Robertson, J. Bowden, R. Donald

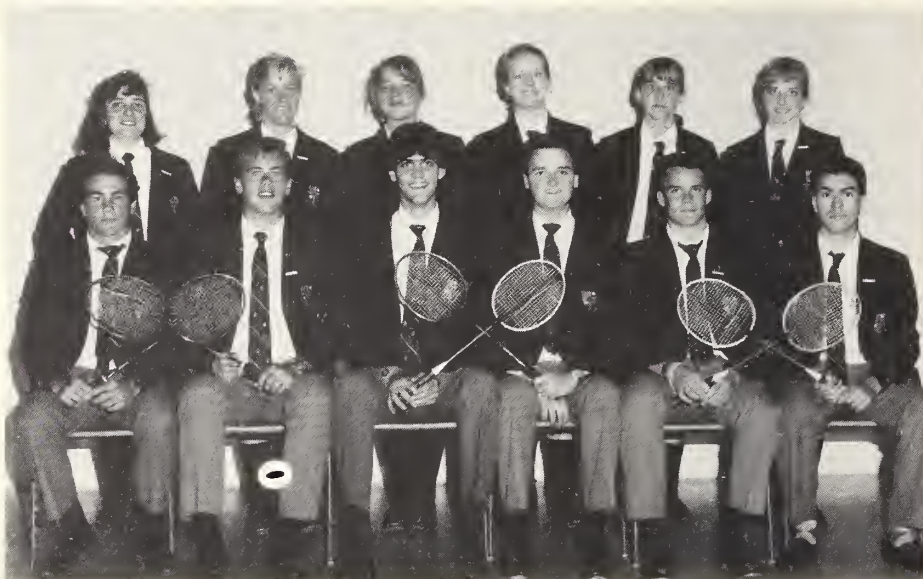
JUNIOR BADMINTON

B.R. Richard Donald, Chris Sharp, Chris Cairns, Brian Hendrick, Allison Pepler. F.R. Feras Al-Samarrai, Kirsie Robertson, Brain Hambly, Sean Fairfield, Stephanie Matteson, Shelly Magee.



SENIOR BADMINTON

B.R. Zoe Bristowe, Ann Finnie, Kirsten Hodgetts, Lynn Johannesson, Jocelyn Rutherford, Tracy Bawden. F.R. Stephen Keith, Dave Marshall, Mike Robinson, John Holland, Colin Lackner, Joe Pankarican.



TRACK

B.R. Mr. Zink, Norman Chiasson, David Brown, Jeff Bowden, Stephen Van Esch, Joel Dubrick, Peter Kingdon. F.R. John Scott, Stephen Heldmann, Lochlann Boyle, Heather Lehman.





JUNIOR BASEBALL

B.R. Norman Chiasson, Brian Hambly, Adam Checketts, Mark Dejmek, Simon Wilcock, David Mollison, Brian Hendrick, Chris Cairns, Greg Morris, Mr. Woolfrey. F.R. Feras Al-Sammarrai, Laurri LeTarte, Sonia Nixon, Shelly Magee, Olivier Vankerk, Stephanie Matteson, Nicole LeTarte, George Kanellis.



GIRLS SOCCER

B.R. Hiba EL-Ghazali, Becky Donald, Katie Millman, Kirsten Hodgetts, Pam Bryden, Mr. Sommerville, Jocelyn Rutherford, Naga Oda, Anne Finnie. F.R. Tracy Crowe, Kirtie Robertson, Alison Stewart, Alison Pepler, Cathy Choi, Zoe Bristowe, Sarah Harrison.



MATH CONTEST

B.R. Mark Smith, Mike Robinson, Peter Kingdon, Chris Robertson, Jeff Bowden, Colin Lackner. F.R. Miss Aylward, Janet Chan, Bonnie Wong, Fiona Yuen.

GOLF

Left to Right: Todd Shannon, Mike Robinson, John Holland.



KILMANOCK SINGERS

B.R: Jeff Bowden, Peter Kingdon, Chris Robertson, Stephen Heldmann, Vashesh Maharaj. F.R: Kirstie Robertson, B.A. Woods, Ariel Harwood-Jones, Jill Hodge, Katie Haberstroh



CHOIR

B.R.: Lochlann Boyle, Vashesh Maharaj, Stephen Heldmann, Chris Robertson, Peter Kingdon, Simon Wilcock, Joel Dubrick, Jeff Bowden, John Scott (Missing: John Holland) F.R: Susan Haase, Kirstie Robertson, Beverly-Ann Woods, Ariel Harwood-Jones, Jill Hodge, Katie Haberstroh, Elayne Dubrick, Heather Lehman.





TUCK SHOP

B.R: Mark Smith, Miss Aylward, Keith Schiefele, Jeff Robertson. F.R: Zoe Bristowe, Ann Finnie, Dan Raithby.



STUDENT COUNCIL

B.R: Jeff Bowden, Dave Marshall (president), John Pepler. F.R: Zoe Bristowe, Becky Donald.



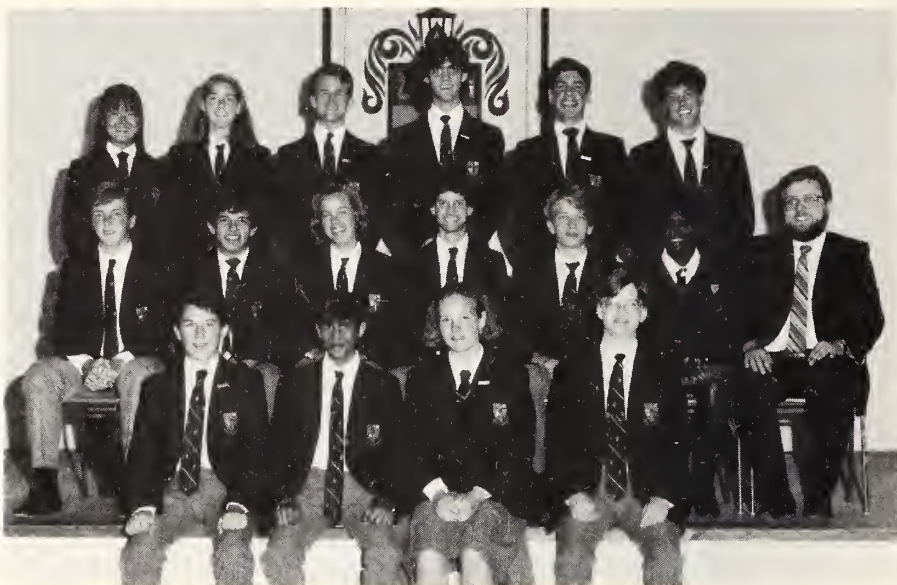
YEARBOOK

B.R: Adam Checketts, Jill Hodge, Katie Haberstroh, Dan Raithby. F.R: Shane Hodgetts, Ariel Harwood-Jones (ed), Colin Gladwish.



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S I M C O E



T E C U M S E H

W O L F E





FIELD HOCKEY IN 1988

Field hockey is a well known sport usually played by strong willed, aggressive females. In this sport, each player is equipped with an oddly shaped stick with a flat and a curved side and is told to hit a ball across a field into the opposing team's net. Thus they earn their own team a goal and start them along the way to victory.

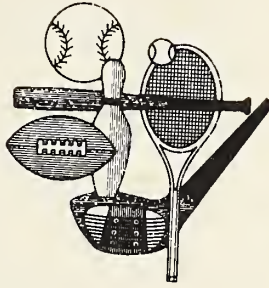
This year's field hockey team at St. John's Kilmar-nock School was no exception. They trained hard and fought doggedly through wind, rain, or shine. Almost every afternoon they could be seen out on the field practicing every technique possible. It all paid off too. With the encouraging help from their coach, Mr. Guy Zink, these girls, by the end of the season, had never lost a single game.

Like any team, the encouragement of the coach is not the only reason an ordinary team becomes an excellent team. There has to be something inside the players themselves. That something inside these girls was spirit. They played for the love of the game, not just to win, although winning did give it a certain charm. This spirit came from their surroundings. It also helped to have a team uniform. AS one player said:

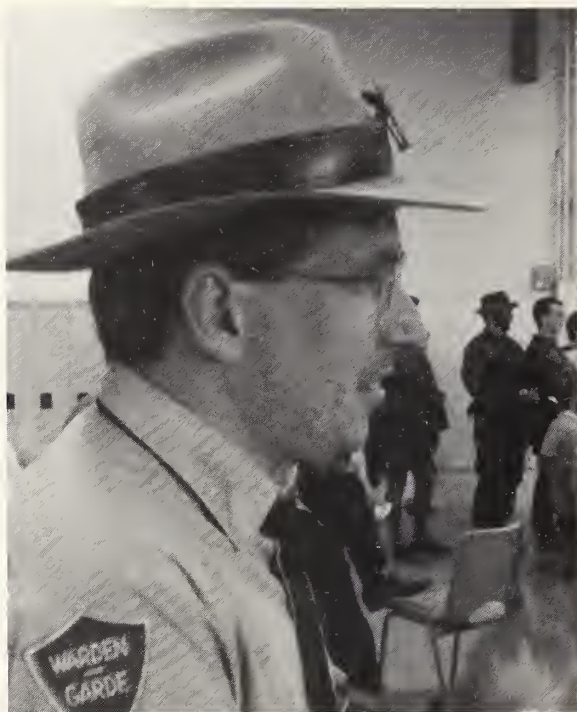
Our new uniforms were an enormous asset to our moral and made us more proud to be the ambassadors in representing our school. We went into each game with lots of enthusiasm, determination, and spirit ready to prove ourselves.

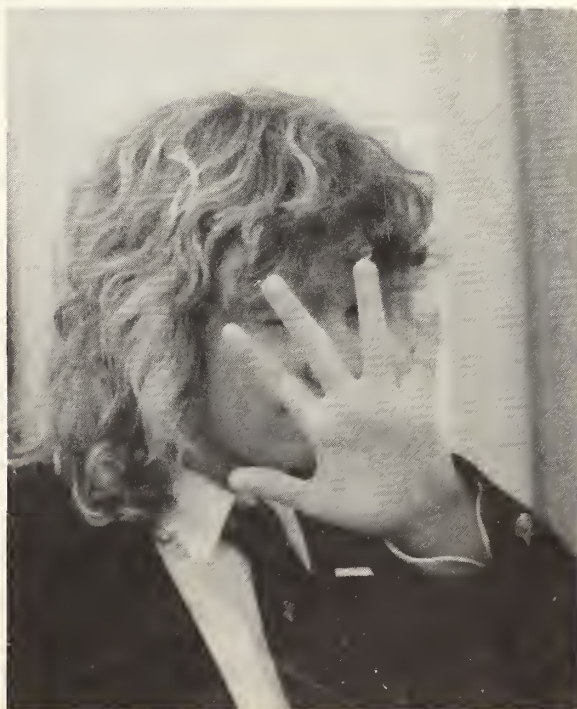
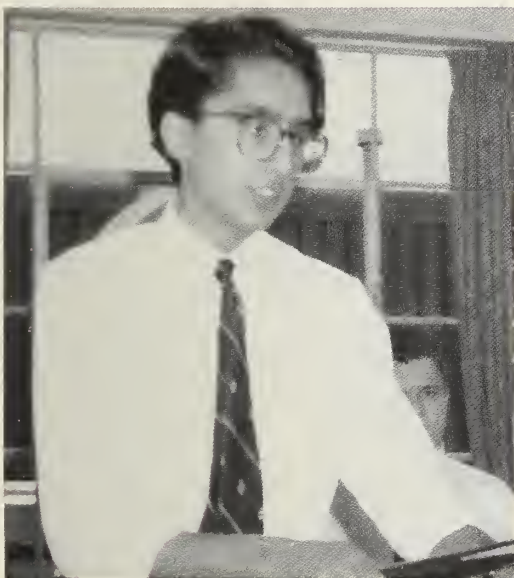
The season consisted of many single exhibition games against schools such as Rosseau Lake and Ridley College, and the team attended two tournaments. These tournaments were The Black and White Tournament in Exeter, and the Ontario School Girls' Conference in Toronto. Because of the experience these games gave the girls, two members tried out for the Ontario Squad. Alison Peppler will be playing goal for Ontario in the summer.

In all seriousness, however, this year's field hockey team from a small school did a fantastic job in the season. As their coach said before every game, "It's not the size of the dog in the fight but the size of the fight in the dog!"



HALLOWE'EN





PART-TIME TEACHERS

Mrs. Couture
Mrs. Klassen
Mrs. Mulholland



Miss Robertson
Mrs. Walsh



ALMA GIRLS

Tracy Crowe
Tisa Leong Poi
Laurie LeTarte



Nicole LeTarte
Sonia Nixon



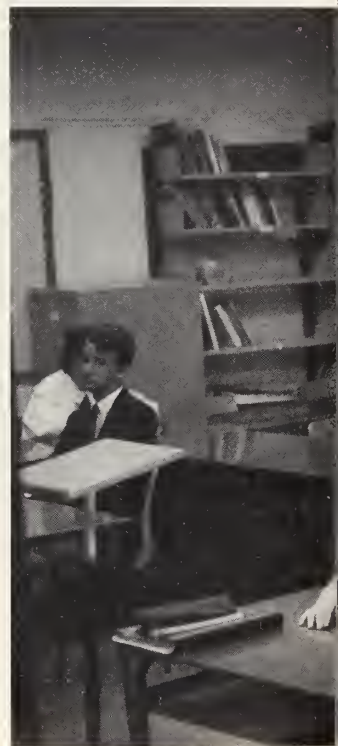




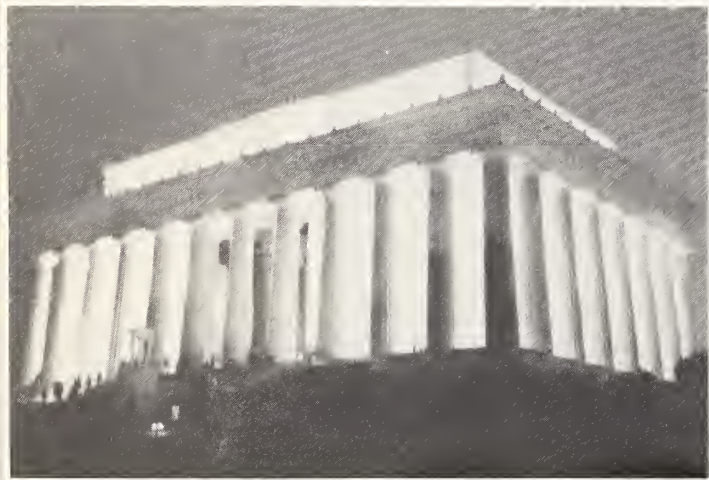
DORSET













W A S H I N G T O N

IN MAY, THE GRADE 13's TOOK A TRIP TO Washington. They learned a little about history but they learned mostly about friendship: a vital part of life and of growing up. It brings joy in meeting and sadness in parting but it is always the joy that remains in the heart. The grade 13's enjoyed their trip, in spite of, or maybe because of the health hazard, and built the bonds and memories that will last a lifetime.





GR. 11 LITERATURE

Words

strip me of my words
and i am nothing
naked and bare to the stares
of people and the gods
for i live in a world of words
i reside in a tall house
made of letters
i live, breathe, sleep and eat words
the words have formed about me
over the years letter by letter
covering my entire being
in the strongest armour
able to turn the mightiest blade
it is a great treasure
and a terrible curse
ah - to be wordless and carefree

John Starchuk

The dancer's sweat was not visible to the audience. The modern dance took everything out of her, both physically and emotionally. After her bow, the audience gave her thunderous applause.

It was her first solo on an opening night. She should have been joyful, the crowd loved her. But she wasn't joyful. She wasn't even happy.

In her white dressing room she put on a white robe and cracked open a bottle of first rate champagne. She poured the sparkling bubbles into a champagne glass and clinked it to the reflection in the mirror. She then lit up a Benson & Hedges cigarette. With that in one hand and the champagne in the other, she walked to the bathroom. After turning on the hot water, she took off her robe, dropped the champagne glass to the floor, and the cigarette after it. She then slipped into the scorching water.

Once her skin was hot and pink, she stepped out of the shower, wrapped a towel around her, and walked, head held high, through the broken glass, ashes and champagne, to her dressing table.

As she sat down and slouched in the chair, blood ran off her feet, leaving crimson stains on the white tiled floor. A knock on the door broke her train of thought. It was the delivery boy, bringing her a dozen red, long-stemmed roses. She looked at them listlessly and opened the tiny card.

Congratulations Dancer

was scrawled across the paper.

Tears whelled in her eyes as the roses fell to the floor in the pool of blood that was forming.

Christi Simard

Robillard sat in the blazing Caribbean sun. Sweat trickled down his face, and a throbbing headache left him too incapacitated to move very much. Without turning his head, he opened his mouth and said "It's your turn."

"What?!" demanded Nicki, his girlfriend. "You expect me to shinny up that stupid tree, just for a lousy coconut?"

"It's your turn." Robillard insisted. Angrily, Nicki got up and began to shake the tree. Robillard protested.

"But" . . . WHAM! A two pound coconut cut his sentence short as it contacted his head and rebounded off landing quietly in the white sand. Robillard winced as the pounding in his head increased.

"Satisfied?" Nicki snapped. "Why the hell can't you just shut up, catch some rays, and hope that those stupid friends of yours pick us up soon."

The friends Nicki spoke of were Robillard's old-time buddies, Stick, and Cowboy Ned. Although they were great guys, they were also reknowned practical jokers.

The night before, Robillard and Nicki had been at a big party to celebrate Cowboy Ned's new job as a bus driver. The alcohol had been flowing freely and by the end of the night, the couple were quite inebriated. Nicki had a vague sense of being carried to the docks and put in a boat, but Robillard had not noticed anything out of the ordinary. The next morning they had awakened on a tiny island with a single coconut tree.

For some reason Nicki was not as hungover as Robillard and she had no sympathy for him, in his wretched condition.

"It's just a practical joke, honey." he pleaded. "It's not like they're going to leave us here forever."

"Shut up and have your damn coconut!"

Resignedly, Robillard tilted the coconut to his mouth, and as its delicious milk tumbled down his throat, he silently vowed that he would return the injustice that Cowboy Ned and Stick had done him. Happy in this knowledge, his thoughts turned to the coconut.

Richard Donald

Conversations on a bridge
there is a bridge i know
 who is a wonderful friend
he is quiet and thoughtful
not at all flashy or gaudy
and quite particular to long meaningful conversations
 a very real bridge
 below is a 35 foot splatter
to criss-crossing railroad tracks
which lead to new experiences

seeing my life splashed red below me
riding the next train
away, away, far away from here
where the pain of sunrise/ sunset is not so overwhelming

John Starchuk

by
Christy Simard

A drizzle of rain completes the perfectly dreary Friday, while the flat grey sky casts a dull light on Toronto. Blackened snow dresses the sides of the highway, presenting fresh layers of rotting garbage as it melts.

Janet Steele's white Mustang GT is coated in a layer of slush, sand, and salt that seems to have become permanent decor this winter. The windshield wipers make a rhythmic squeek as they clear the collecting drops of rain.

As Janet approaches the airport several planes pass over head. "I wonder how many people on each flight are white-knuckle-fliers like me?" She parks her car in the Park-and-Fly lot, taking notes of the level. 2D. That means two flights of stairs to get to airport level. She collects her purse and carry-on bag then checks for her airline ticket. Low heeled shoes echo hollowly on the pavement as Janet walks to the staircase, clutching the ticket with a slightly sweaty hand.

Passing through the entrance to the steps she bumps into a bulky man wearing a charcoal grey trench coat. Their bodies collide, and Janet loses grip of the ticket, sending it fluttering to the dirty floor. The man stares for an instant then continues on his way without a word or a smile. As she stoops to retrieve the stray tricket an elderly woman passes, nearly knocking Janet down. With the smell of the woman's perfume lingering in the air, she is able to recover the ticket and get on her way to ground level.

A few moments later, she enters Terminal II of Pearson International Airport. The white tiled floor gleams under flourescent lights. People rush here and there, looking very tense, dragging their luggage, or their children behind them.

With an hour left before boarding the plane Janet decides to get a cup of coffee and relax. The styrofoam cup burns her hand but she pays it no attention.

Rushing through her mind is every plane crash she has ever read about, every terrorist she has heard of, and every possible thing that could go wrong while she is on that plane. An irritating voice interrupts her thoughts.

"Flight 503 is now boarding, gate 35. Flight 503 now boarding." Janet's eyes flutter as she comes back to reality, like a child waking from an afternoon nap. She looks at her hands. The left hand is holding the now cold cup of coffee, and the fingernails of her right are bitten ragged. Janet has no idea where her mind has been for the last thirty minutes, but by the look of her fingernails, she is sure she wasn't thinking happy thoughts. She stands, leaving the cold coffee on a table and brushes the wrinkles out of her blue linen skirt. While walking to the boarding gate she asks herself one last time, "Is a two day trip to see a good friend in Florida something worth getting on a plane for?" Her answer is negative but she continues toward gate 35.

Once seated in the plane, Janet peers out the window. She sees that the drizzling rain has stopped and the sky has cleared a little. Good. Without rain and heavy clouds it is unlikely that they will run into a thunderstorm, or something horrid like that. Janet removes her coat and buckles her seat belt, even though there are still people boarding the plane and the 'please fasten your seat belt' signs were not yet lit up. When the signs do light up, Janet's heart picks up speed, and her lightly damp hands become sweaty, shakey, useless extensions of her arms. It is a good thing her seat belt is done up because she hardly has enough control in her hands to blow her nose. She fumbles with her purse, then fumbles with the tissue, then gives up trying and fiddles with the kleenex between shakey fingers. By the end of this flight there will be nothing left of the tissue but a few scattered shreds.

The engines roar as the pilot fires them up. Janet's heart roars, pounding in her chest and ears. The wheels of the plane roll down the runway. Janet rolls the kleenex in a ball between her fingers. The plane bumps along before lift off. Janet jerks her foot up and down, another nervous habit. Her head is pulled into her seat as the plane picks up speed. Her cheeks pull to her ears and her stomach twists and turns in the sickening knots as the plane lifts off.

When Janet is sure the plane has stopped it's ascent, she opens her previously closed eyes and relaxes her grip on the armrests. Looking around she realizes that the handle of her carryon bag is in the aisle. Not wanting a stewardess or the pilot to trip on it, she leans forward and puts it under the seat. As she does this she sees a flash of grey out of the corner of her eye. She follows the flash, and there, one seat up on the other side of the aisle is the man she bumped into on the staircase when she dropped her ticket. Unable to look away, she gapes at the figure sitting straight in his chair. He is, by all means, ugly. Janet can think of no other way to say it. When talking to her friend in Florida the only word for this man will be 'ugly'.

The top of his head looks as though it would shine in the sun, and is sprinkled with pale liver spots. What little hair there is left on his head wraps the back of it from ear to ear. His nose is small and pudgery, totally wrong for his huge frame. His full lips are almost colourless and slightly chapped. They do not move, except to part for a sip from his plastic cup that is probably full of a strong whiskey. When his drink is finished, he hands the cup to a stewardess and folds his table into the back of the seat in front of him. When this is done he looks around. First he looks up at the roof of the plane, then he leans across the passenger beside him and looks out the window. He turns and looks at Janet for a split second that seemed like minutes to her. She stares at his large meaty hands that he wrings in a way that reminds

Janet of her Grandfather. She cannot hear the skin sliding but she can feel it. The man turns and, to Janet's surprise, asks for a drink of water. She can't help but watch the man. She doesn't think of it at the time, but he takes her mind off her unabated fears.

Her imagination begins to take over, asking her a lot of questions. 'Who is this man?

Where is he going? Why is he on the plane?'

'You know why!'

'Who said that?'

'I did. You know he's got a bomb. Why are you avoiding the obvious?' Janet looks around to make sure no one has heard her talking to herself and realizes that it all went on in her head. She only thinks of it as a bit strange.

'He's got a bomb and you are on the plane that he is going to blow up.'

'Are you afraid?'

Janet becomes afraid. Her fear comes from the realization that she is on a plane, that she is very afraid of flying, and that a voice in her head is talking to her. She shakes her head to clear the jumble of thoughts and is once again able to focus on the man.

'Killer.'

'Man.'

'Killer.'

She focuses on him and sees that he is still wringing his hands. His half empty glass of water wavers in front of him as the plane hits a little turbulence. Janet almost screams as she feels the minute jolt in her seat. Her eyes fill with tears, but she blinks them back and fixes her sight on the man once again. He wrings his dry hands, sips his water, wrings his hands, takes another sip.

'He wrings his hands because he is nervous, and sips his water because his mouth is dry. Maybe he dislikes flying as much as I do.'

'Of course he is nervous. He's got to plant a bomb on this plane. He is going to extinguish a lot of lives. Of course he is nervous.'

Janet's eyes are glued on the man. Fear engulfs her as she takes off his coat.

'He's getting the bomb.'

'This plane is stuffy, my coat is off too.'

With his jacket off, he reaches into his pocket. Janet now has to go to the washroom.

'Hold it, you'll be dead soon anyway.'

'He's only digging in his pocket. Maybe he needs kleenex.'

With the thought of kleenex, Janet looks at her hands. The piece of tissue has crumpled and small pieces are scattered on the floor.

She looks back at the man.

'Killer!'

'Man!'

'Killer!'

As his hand comes out of his pocket, she sees black and a flash of silver. Her body tingles, physically reacting to her fear. The black and silver is a digital watch that he casually puts on his thick wrist. It is a good thing Janet is sitting down. All strength runs out of her legs for momentary relief. Then the little voice steals the moment.

'Don't be foolish. Terrorists wear watches. Besides, it's not even a watch, that's a bomb. He is going to die with the other three hundred and eighty-nine people on this plane. He is wearing your death warrant on his wrist.'

'Go away!'

With his watch fastened, he begins to drum his fingers. They thump on the armrest. Each thump becomes a ticking in Janet's ears, amplified and echoing in her head. Each tick strikes another key of fear deep inside Janet. She still has to go to the bathroom. 'You are going to die soon, you may as well be comfortable. Go quickly. That bomb is ticking away the minutes of your life.'

'Perhaps I should tell someone. Maybe they can turn the bomb off.' Janet squeezes her eyes shut. 'It's bad enough that I'm sitting down in a plane, but to stand up and walk somewhere is my greatest fear and is really too much to ask.'

'Then just sit here and wait.'

'No, I'm going to tell somebody. Right now!'

Janet counts to ten in her head, sums up all her courage, and clears her thoughts. She unbuckles her seat belt and grasps the back of the seat in front of her. She pulls herself up on unsteady legs and looks around. She can still see the man. That makes her even more nervous. She walks up the aisle of the plane to where the washrooms are, as well as the flight attendants. She glances at the man as she passes. He is looking at her. His eyes seem to pierce into her, like they know what she is about to do. Janet is frozen like a hare on the road, staring into the headlights of an oncoming car.

Finally she jerks around and begins to run, as well as one can run down the aisle of a DC-10 airplane. When she reaches the stewardess she is shaking uncontrollably and out of breath. She grabs the women by the shoulders and begins her speech.

"You have got to listen to me, I'm not making this up. There is a very strange man on this plane, and very dangerous. I've been watching him since I got on the plane, and, he's got a, a . . ." She breaks off. Thinking back through the last little while, she tries to recall what proof she has.

'The watch!'

"Yes," Janet speaks again. "He's got a watch and he took it out of his pocket and he's drinking water and he stares out the window and he wrings his hands and when he's not wringing them, he drums his fingers . . ." Janet stops again, looks at the stewardess and waits for the voice to help her. It's gone. The stewardess looks understanding, although she has no idea what Janet is raving about. She offers to walk Janet back to her seat.

"No thank-you," Janet utters in a soft-drained voice, "I just have to go to the washroom and then I'll go sit down."

Janet goes into the compartment. The stench of toilet cleaner wafts up her nostrils as she sobs and gasps in confusion. As she stands in the head, she is thankful that she had false suspicions, but tries to figure out an explanation for the little voice inside her head. Of course she has no idea that she had just conversed with fear. Illogical fear.

When Janet gets back to her seat and sits down, stepping on the remaining shreds of kleenex. The stewardess comes and asks Janet if she would like anything. "Scotch on the rocks please." When she gets to Florida she will share this incredible story over more than a few drinks with her friend. Then she will take a bus home.

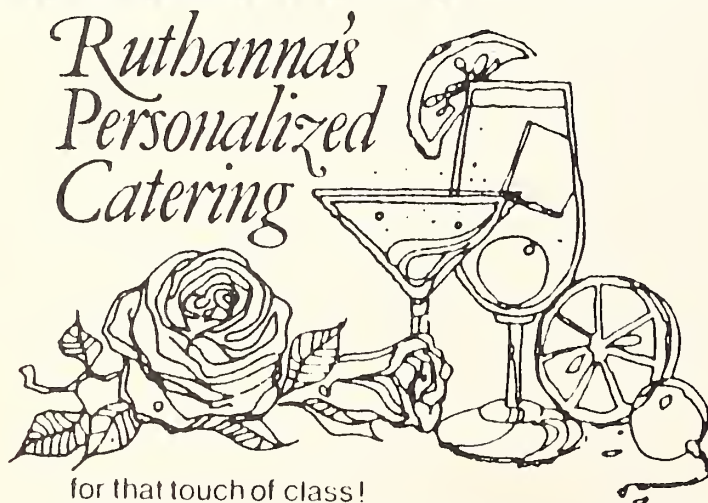
EPILOGUE

Saturday morning as Janet flipped through a local newspaper while basking in the warm sun, a headline caught her eye . . .

PLANE CRASHES IN THE GULF OF MEXICO

A plane blew up in the sky over the gulf of Mexico yesterday afternoon. No survivors have been found. It is thought that all passengers were killed in the explosion or drowned.

The Air Canada flight 503 departed from Toronto Pearson International Airport early yesterday morning. It had a stop over in Miami. Official believe that this is where the terrorist got off the plane. It is believed that a bomb brought down the plane halfway between Miami and Mexico. Inspectors have no leads . . .



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SCIENCE FAIR

Every year in April the school holds a Science Fair. Judging is usually done by University of Waterloo Science Professors and a few alumni. This year we had a spectacular show. There are five basic categories in which a student could compete: Life Science, Physical Science, Engineering, Earth Science, and Computer/ Math. Our senior winners this year were:

Grade	LIFE SCIENCE
9-10	1. N. Martin G. McDonald 2. A. Charlebois 3. K. Robertson 4. B. Hambly J. Kelleher

PHYSICAL SCIENCE
1. K. Haberstroh 2. N. Chiasson 3. S. Fairfield 4. V. Maharaj

ENGINEERING

11-13	1. P. Bryden 2. C. Simard 3. C. Robertson 4. A. Peppler
-------	--

1. M. Robinson 2. C. Larkner 3. P. Kingdon 4. C. Ling
--

1. K. Hodgetts 2. S. Gardiner K. Scheifele
--

CONGRATULATIONS WINNERS!!



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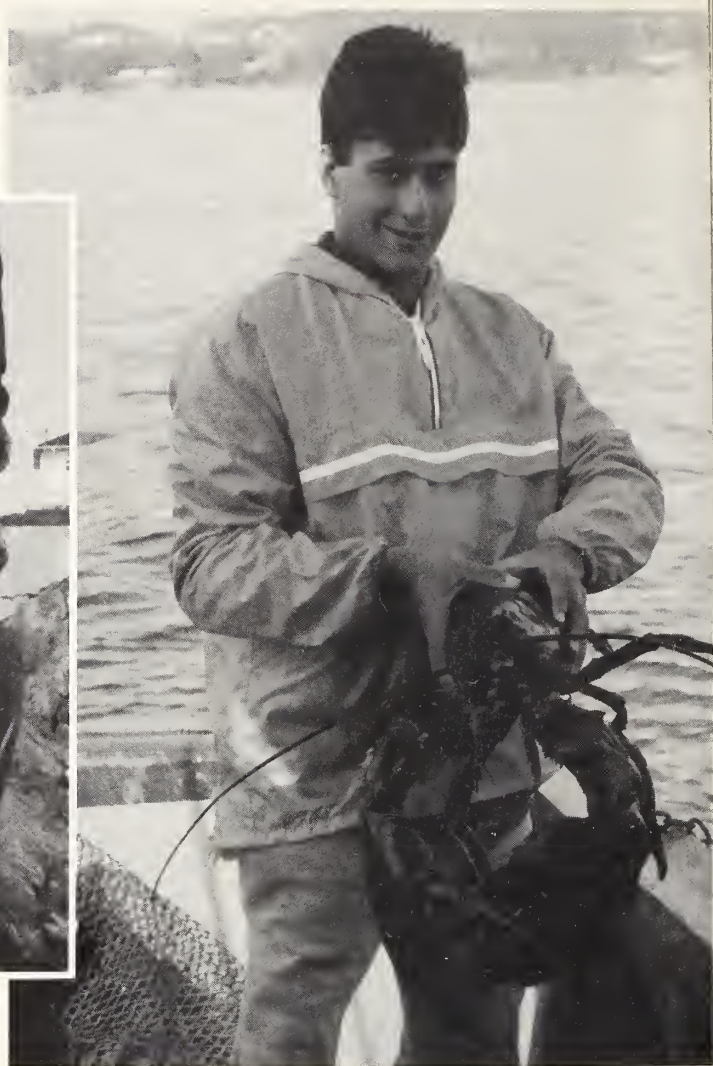
Mrs. Wilson - Jill Hodge
 Mary Wilson - Ariel Harwood-Jones
 Lawyer Cribbs - Lochlann Boyle
 Edward Middleton - Jeff Bowden
 Sophia Spindle - Christy Simard
 William Dowton - Kurt Fairfield
 Agnes Dowton - Adrienne Carter
 Mrs. Miller - Heather Lehman
 Mrs. Gates - Kristen Hodgetts
 Mrs. Stevens - Alison Stewart
 Sam Adams - Stephen Heldmann
 The Landlord - Sean Fairfield
 Julia Middleton - Kirsty Robertson
 Arden Rencelaw - Peter Cross
 An Officer of the Law - Jared Sands



THE DRUNKARD



MARINE BIOLOGY



WHITE WATER RAFTING





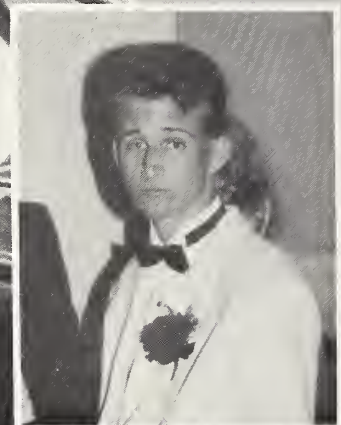
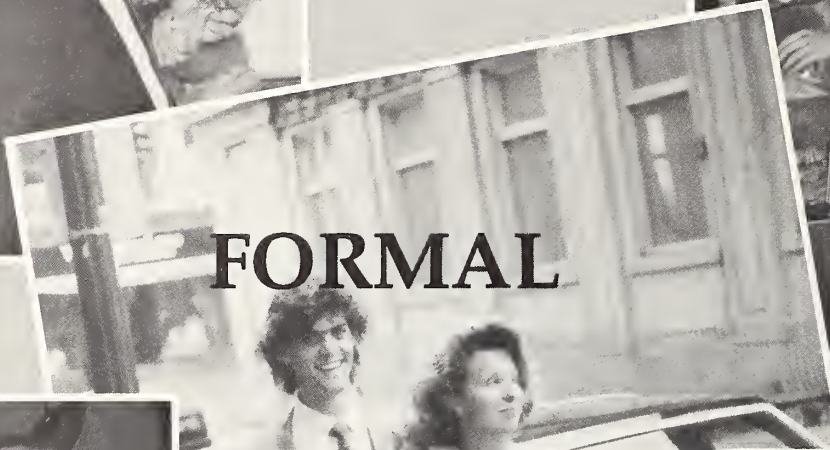
THE CHEERS GROUP

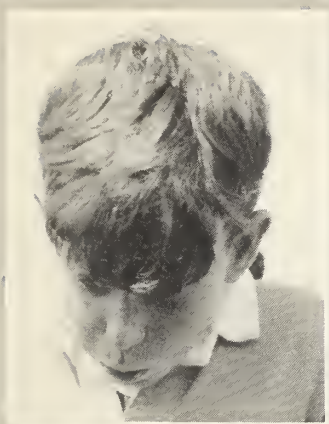


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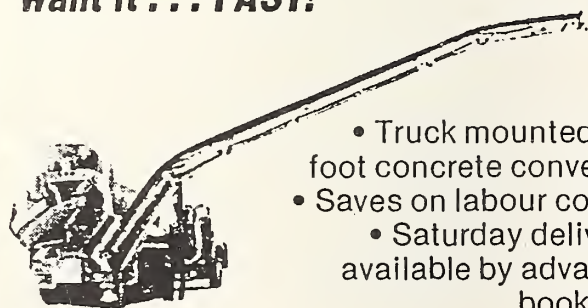


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